

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

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NINETEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1899.

NO. 11.

## HEMP SEED.

Those farmers expecting to grow hemp this season will find it to their interest to write me before purchasing their seed. I have on hand Cultivated Hemp Seed grown from seed imported from China in 1893.

W. J. LOUGHRIDGE,  
(jan-2mo) LEXINGTON, KY.

## G. N. PARRIS.

DEALER IN

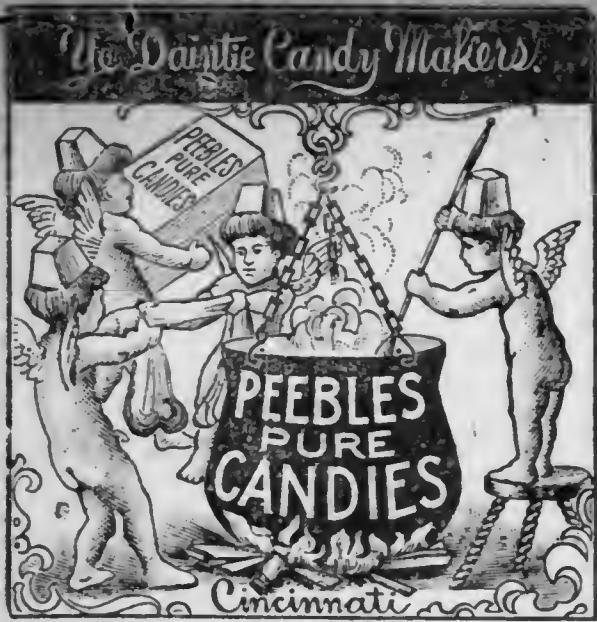
## Groceries and Fruits,

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No! it is not claimed that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure CONSUMPTION or ASTHMA in advanced stages, it holds out no such false hopes, but DOES truthfully claim to always give comfort and relief in the very worst cases and in the early stages to effect a cure.

Sold by James Kennedy, Druggist.



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On a Box of Candy carries with it a guarantee of absolute purity. Money can not buy any higher grade ingredients than are used in its manufacture, and that is why Peebles' Candy is always wholesome.

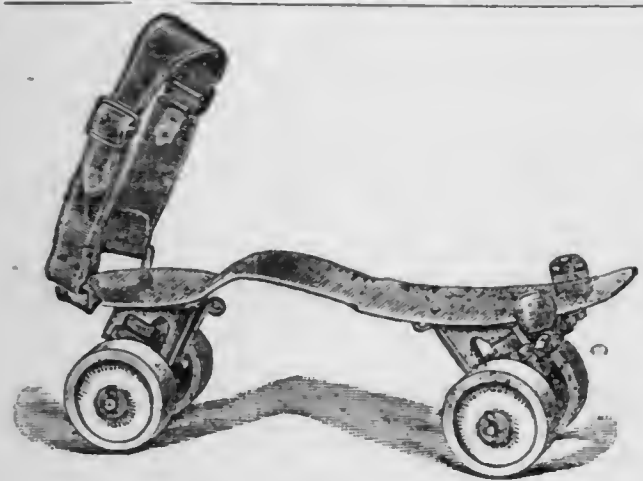
Agents are supplied daily fresh from the factory, and that is why Peebles' Candy is more delicious than that of others. Although superior in every way, the prices for Peebles' Candy are no higher than others. Agents for Allegretti & Rubel's delicious Chocolate Creams. A full line may always be found.

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Cincinnati, O.

The teachings of 60 years experience as to all that is best in the line of Entables, Drinkables and Snacks are summed up in a 60 page price list. Sent free. Write for it.

G. S. VARDEN,  
JAS. FEE & SON.  
"We desire to establish Agencies for Lyleburn Fruit Cake, 1 lb. tins. A great winner."



M. C. HENLEY'S  
CELEBRATED

## Roller Skates!

Not a "CYCLE SKATE," or an experiment, but the only practical scientific RINK SKATE on the market. Over two millions of HENLEY'S SKATES sold in this and other countries.

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Attorney-At-Law.  
Paris, Kentucky.

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Phone 58.

## FOR SALE.

A first-class, power Grinding Mill, standard make, will grind 60 to 75 barrels of ear corn per day, with 10-horse power. Will sell cheap.

R. P. BARNETT.

The very best companies compose my agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm. Non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

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And Club Roller Skates.

## SKATESUNDRIES&SUPPLIES

"The Easiest and Lightest Running Skates on Earth."

Universally adopted when used in competition with any other skate—unrivaled. The leading rollerskate in the world.

HENLY BICYCLE & ROLLER SKATE WKS.,  
Richmond, Ind., U. S. A.

## Hoarseness Sore Throat

Hoarseness, sore throat and constant coughing indicate that the bronchial tubes are suffering from a bad cold, which may develop into pleurisy or inflammation of the lungs. Do not waste health and strength by waiting, but use Dr. John W. Bull's Cough Syrup at once. This wonderful remedy cures all throat and lung affections in an astonishingly short time.

## Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Hoarseness and Sore Throat. Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

FANCY California evaporated fruits.  
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

## MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The Burg.

Mrs. Robt. Chancellor is quite ill with the gripe.

Mr. Jos. W. Mock visited friends in Maysville, Sunday.

Mr. James Linville, of Versailles, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. Oliver Marston, of Illinois, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Collier returned to Mt Sterling, Saturday.

Chas. Martin lost a fine mule Saturday from blood poisoning.

Miss Louie Warford spent from Friday till Monday with her parents.

Miss Anna Thompson is visiting her sister Mrs. Gates Rice, at North Middletown.

Mrs. R. M. Shaw, of Richmond, was the guest of W. V. Shaw and wife, Saturday.

Mr. Julian McClintock was home from school at Lexington from Friday till Monday.

Stiles Stirmann and Thos. Judy are able to be up. Wm. Bassett is not much better.

Miss Pearl Kenney, of Hutchison, is the guest of Misses Katie and Julia Miller, near town.

Mrs. Bettie Gibson returned to Paris, Saturday. Her mother, Mrs. Wm. Payne, is no better.

Miss Margaret Terry, of Paris, was the guest of Mrs. Harmon Stitt, from Saturday till Monday.

The four-year-old child of Pressly Layton fell in an open grate fire and was severely burned.

Drs. Miller and Stucky operated on Thos. McIntyre, who is much improved, but is yet quite feeble.

Sanford Carpenter sold to Al Brauch, of Fleming, a handsome pair of sorrel buggy mares, Saturday.

Mrs. R. B. Boulden and Miss Anna Conway attended the burial of Mrs. McCray, at Carlisle, Sunday.

Highest price paid for butter and eggs: poultry of all kinds, alive or dressed.

Call and examine the finest stock of wall-paper ever in town. See the paper—not samples—and get prices.

Jos. W. Mock

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wallingford, of Cynthia, spent from Saturday till Monday with her sister, Mrs. Belle Letton.

Mrs. A. D. Thomas, nee Bates, and daughter, Miss Hunter, of Evansville, Ind., have been the guests of Mrs. J. H. Warford since Friday.

Pressley Madison, colored, formerly of this place, was convicted in Montgomery, and given a 20-year term, for committing rape on a colored girl.

Henry Ford, colored, and Brnham Brown, colored were sent to the Paris jail, Saturday, for 30 days and \$20 fine each, by Judge Hull for stealing coal from the cars.

Mr. Geo. W. Johnson and Miss Minnie Evans will be married Wednesday at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. B. W. Clarke, in Georgetown. Miss Evans is the daughter of Mr. Roe Evans, proprietor of the mills here.

A mad hog attacked Perry Jefferson's horses, Saturday in the stable. The legs and head of three horses were badly lacerated. Veterinary Frank Herbert took over twenty stitches in the wounds, and then knocked out the hog's tusks.

D. E.—On Sunday at 5 a. m., in the sixty-ninth year of his age, James W. Conway, after several weeks' illness of gripe. The deceased is survived by his wife, nee —, and four children.

Mrs. R. B. Boulden, Miss Anna Conway, Harry Conway, of this place, and Charles Conway, of St. Louis, Mo. The funeral will be held this morning by Rev. Grinstead, at ten o'clock. Burial at the Millersburg cemetery. The pallbearers will be: Robt. Tarr, Chas. Turner, J. G. Smedley, J. G. Allen, J. G. Allen, J. H. Warford and Dr. I. R. Best.

## SHAWHAN.

H. T. Eales is in Louisville this week on business.

D. B. Patton is in Louisville this week selling tobacco.

N. B. Worthington and family will move to Georgetown shortly.

Matt Turney and wife spent Sunday with John Current and family.

Geo. Moore spent several days last week with friends in Cynthia.

Miss Sallie Snodgrass is visiting relatives and friends in Connersville.

Mr. Llewellyn Cantrell, of Paris, was down calling on Jady friends Sunday.

Rev. Eberhardt, of Paris, attended Sunday school here Sunday afternoon.

Dike Wilson spent a few days last week with his brother, John Wilson, Jr., in Paris.

There was no church at Mt. Carmel Sunday night, on account of the disagreeable weather.

Miss Lucy Thornton, of Covington, was the guest of Miss Ella Scott Saturday and Sunday.

Wm. Ryan, a section hand, had two fingers mashed off while loading scrap iron here, Saturday.

Miss Beesie Kimbrough closed her Fall term of school here Friday. She will open the Spring term next Monday, with a good number of scholars. She has given excellent satisfaction here.

## Every Month

there are thousands of women who nearly suffer death from irregular menses. Sometimes the "period" comes too often—sometimes not often enough—sometimes the flow is too scant, and again it is too profuse. Each symptom shows that Nature needs help, and that there is trouble in the organs concerned. Be careful when in any of the above conditions. Don't take any and every nostrum advertised to cure female troubles.

## BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

is the one safe and sure medicine for irregular or painful menstruation. It cures all the ailments that are caused by irregularity, such as leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness; pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. By regulating the menses so that they occur every twenty-eighth day, all those aches disappear together. Just before your time comes, get a bottle and see how much good it will do you. Druggists sell it at \$1.

Send for our free book, "Perfect Health for Women."  
THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.  
ATLANTA, GA.

Low prices on candies for entertainment. Cheap but pure.  
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

Insure in my agency non-union. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.  
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

## Attention!

Partis wanting photos in Grinnam's gallery should come and have sittings made at once, as the building we occupy will be torn away about the middle of February. Persons wanting old negatives can get same cheap, as I will dispose of them all.  
L. GRINNAM.

THREE houses for rent or sale. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Wilcox, Paris, Ky. (3t)

Men's and Boys' overcoats at cost. Come and see for yourselves at Price & Co's, clothiers. We need the cash.

GUNTHER'S fine candies for sale for Christmas.  
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

CRYSTALLIZED fruits, nuts, oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, malaga grapes, grape fruit.  
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

## Foul-Smelling Catarrh.

Catarrh is one of the most obstinate diseases, and hence the most difficult to get rid of.

There is but one way to cure it. The disease is in the blood, and all the sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures in the world can have no permanent effect whatever upon it. Swift's Specific cures Catarrh permanently, for it is the only remedy which can reach the disease and force it from the blood.

Mr. B. P. McAllister, of Harrodsburg, Ky., had Catarrh for years. He writes: "I could see no improvement whatever, though I was constantly treated with sprays and washes, and different inhaling remedies—in fact, I could feel that each winter I was worse than the year previous."

"Finally it was brought to my notice that Catarrh was a blood disease, and after thinking over the matter, I saw it was unreasonable to expect to be cured by remedies which only reached the surface."

"I then decided to try S. S. S., and after a few bottles were used, I noticed a perceptible improvement. Continuing the remedy, the disease was forced out of my system, and a complete cure was the result. I advise all who have this dreadful disease to abandon their local treatment, which has never done them any good, and take S. S. S., a remedy that can reach the disease and cure it."

"To continue the wrong treatment for Catarrh is to continue to suffer. Swift's Specific is a real blood remedy, and cures obstinate, deep-seated diseases, which other remedies have no effect whatever upon. It promptly reaches Catarrh, and never fails to cure even the most aggravated cases."

S. S. S. For Blood

is Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no dangerous minerals.

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

DR. CALDWELL'S

SYRUP PEPSIN

CURES INDIGESTION.

DR. BELL'S PINE-TAR-HONEY

"Ring out the old Ring out the false Ring in the new Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, Improved by science to a Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated: the mucus-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS

Bottles Only 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes

BE SURE YOU GET

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

I AM 88 YEARS OLD, and never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grip as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalf, Paducah, Ky.

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DIAMOND CUTTERS.

All our Diamonds are Carefully selected in the rough, and cut in our Factory by Expert Diamond Cutters. We carry the Largest Stock in the West at the Lowest Prices.

SILVERSMITHS.	WATCHES.	STATIONERY.
Our stock of STERLING SILVER TOILET WARE and WEDDING SILVER is the most complete in the West. A few exclusive patterns of Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks at \$1.00 PER OUNCE.	We are Sole Agents for the Celebrated Patek, Phillips & Co. watches. Our stock in this line includes every grade and make known to the trade, at prices to suit everybody.	Our Department of Stationery and Engraving is thoroughly up-to-date, and complete in every respect.

Send for our Holiday Shopping List, containing many valuable Suggestions. Mail orders promptly attended to. Goods sent to our Patrons on Selection.

Tornadoes And Cyclones.

LOOKOUT, these windstorms will sweep your farm property off the face of the earth, and you will lose it all unless you have a policy in the old and tried Glen Falls of New York—\$1,000 insurance for five years will only cost you \$10. Tobacco barns a specialty. (9nov-tf) T. PORTER SMITH, Agent.

Coughed 30 Years.

I suffered for 30 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Roell, Grantsburg, Ill.

HICKMOTT'S asparagus tips, equal to the fresh. F. B. McDermott.

WANTED.

Position, by March 1st, as Superintendent on a farm. Capable of attending to all business. First-class references. Address, Jos. M. Wright, Paris, Ky.

L. H. Landman, M. D.,  
Of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris, Ky.,  
TUESDAY, FEB. 14, 1899.

returning every second Tuesday in each month.  
REFERENCE:—Every leading physician Paris, Kentucky.

## Sale Dinners.

If you are going to have a sale and wish to set a dinner at a reasonable price, call on

GEORGE RASSENFOSS,  
(20sept2m) PARIS, KY.

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OFFICE HOURS:  
7 to 10 a. m.  
2 to 4 p. m.  
7 to 8 p. m.  
(Gaug-tf)



# VICTORY IS OURS.

## A Blaze of Fire Along the American Lines at Manila.

### All Night and All Day the Battle Raged Fiercely in Manila's Outskirts.

The Insurgents Began the Attack But Retreated Before the Magnificent Charge of American Troops.

Adm. Dewey's Vessels Took Part in the Fight, Doing Much Execution—Our Loss Was 20 Killed and 125 Wounded—The Filipinos Lost Heavily—Many Were Drowned—Gallantry of Our Volunteer Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The following message was received Sunday morning.

"To the Secretary of the Navy, Washington: Insurgents here inaugurated general engagement yesterday night which was continued to-day. The American army and navy is generally successful.



MAJ. GEN. OTIS.

Insurgents have been driven back and our line advanced. No casualties to navy. (Signed, DEWEY.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The following dispatch was received at 1:15 Monday morning:

"MANILA, Feb. 5.—To Adjutant General: Situation most satisfactory; no apprehension need be felt. Perfect quiet prevails in city and vicinity. List of casualties being prepared and will be forwarded soon as possible. Troops in excellent health and spirits. (Signed, Otis.)

MANILA, Feb. 6.—The Filipinos attacked the American line from Calocan to Santa Mesa at 8:45 Saturday evening. There was heavy fusillade on both sides and the artillery was used. The United States cruiser Charleston and the gunboat Concord bombarded the enemy.

The Americans, after magnificent charges, captured several of the enemy's positions.

The Americans lost 20 killed and had 125 wounded. The Filipinos lost heavily.

The long-expected rupture between the Americans and the Filipinos has come at last. The former are now engaged in solving the Philippine problem with the utmost expedition possible.

The clash came at 8:40 Saturday evening, when three daring Filipinos darted past the Nebraska regiment's pickets at Santa Mesa, but retired when challenged.

They repeated the experiment without drawing the sentries fire, but the third time Corporal Greely challenged the Filipinos and then fired, killing one of them and wounding another.

Almost immediately afterward the Filipinos line, from Calocan to Santa Mesa, commenced a fusillade which was ineffectual. The Nebraska, Montana and North Dakota outposts replied vigorously and held their ground until reinforcements arrived.

The Filipinos in the meantime concentrated at three points, Calocan, Galgalangin and Santa Mesa.

At about 1 o'clock the Filipinos opened a hot fire from all three places simultaneously. This was supplemented by the fire of two siege guns at Balik-Balik and by advancing their skirmishers at Pao and Pandacan.

The Americans responded with a terrific fire, but owing to the darkness they were unable to determine its effect.

The Utah light artillery finally succeeded in silencing the native battery.

The 3d artillery also did good work on the extreme left.

The engagement lasted over an hour.

The United States cruiser Charleston and the gunboat Concord, stationed off Malabona, opened fire from their secondary batteries on the Filipinos' position at Calocan and kept it up vigorously.

At 2:45 there was another fusillade along the entire line, and the United States seagoing double monitor Monadnock opened fire on the enemy from off Malate.

With daylight the Americans advanced.

The California and Washington regiments made a splendid charge and

drove the Filipinos from the villages of Pao and Santa Mesa. The Nebraska regiment also distinguished itself, capturing several prisoners and one howitzer and a very strong position at the reservoir, which is connected with the water works.

The Kansas and Dakota regiments compelled the enemy's right flank to retire to Calocan.

There was intermittent firing at various points all day long.

The losses of the Filipinos can not be estimated at present, but are known to be considerable.

The American losses are estimated at 20 men killed and 125 wounded.

The Ygorates, armed with bows and arrows, made a very determined stand in the face of a hot artillery fire and left many men dead on the field.

Several attempts were made in this city Saturday evening to assassinate American officers.

MANILA, Monday, Feb. 6.—9 a. m.—The Filipinos have apparently reached the conclusion that the Americans mean business, now that the barriers are removed, as there were no further hostilities Saturday night and no attempt was made to recover the lost ground. It is possible, however, that they are following the tactics they employed against the Spaniards and will merely lie off a few days to recuperate their forces before returning to the attack.

It is impossible to ascertain as yet how the news has been received at Malolos, the seat of the insurgent government, but the Filipinos in Manila express the opinion that the movement for independence has received its death blow and that annexation will soon be welcomed generally.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Instructions will be sent to Maj. Gen. Otis Monday directing him to follow up his victory over the insurgents and to crush the power of Aguinaldo in the Philippines. This was the decision reached at an important cabinet meeting held in the white house Sunday night, attended by the president, Secretary Hay, Secretary Alger and Attorney General Griggs and Adj. Gen. Corbin.

It was further decided, now that Aguinaldo has thrown down the gauntlet, that Iloilo shall be taken and the islands of the archipelago occupied as rapidly as possible and to the extent that Gen. Otis' forces will permit.

MADRID, Feb. 6.—Intense excitement was caused here by the receipt Sunday evening of the following official dispatch from Gen. Rios, the Spanish commander in the Philippines:

"The insurgents have violently attacked and captured almost the whole of the exterior American line. The Americans offered a vigorous defense at the exterior barriers, using their artillery as well as the squadron.

"The war ships destroyed and burned Calocan, Pao and several towns in the neighborhood. Both sides suffered materially. Very sharp fighting continued. The Spanish troops have been confined to quarters, but a sergeant has been wounded by a stray bullet.

"Rios."

The popular sympathies here are on the side of Aguinaldo, but thinking people are anxious regarding the consequences of the fighting, especially on account of the Spanish prisoners still in the hands of the insurgents.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 12:15 a. m.—

The following dispatch from Gen. Otis has been made public:

"MANILA, Feb. 5. To the Adjutant General: February 5—Insurgents in large force opened attack on our outer lines at 8:45 last evening; renewed attack several times during night; at 4 o'clock this morning entire line engaged; all attacks repulsed; at daybreak advanced against insurgents and have driven them beyond the lines they formerly occupied, capturing several villages and their defense works; insurgent loss in dead and wounded large; our own casualties thus far estimated at 175, very few fatal. Troops enthusiastic and acting fearlessly. Navy did splendid execution on flanks of enemy; city held in check and absolute quiet prevails. Insurgents have secured good many Mauser rifles, a few field pieces and quick firing guns, with ammunition, during last month.

"(Signed) Otis."

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 6.—The following list of killed of the 1st Nebraska regiment in the battle of Manila: James Pierce, musician, David City, merchant; Harry Hull, Company A, hotel clerk, Hastings; Davis Lager, Company I, lawyer, who was a lieutenant in the state militia; Sergt. Orrin T. Curtis, Ashland, farmer, who was at one time a member of the legislature; Charles Keck, Chadron, wealthy stockman; A. Belinger, son of a prominent doctor at Beatrice and a young society man; Lewis Begler, Lincoln, clerk; Edward Eggers, Fremont, lawyer. The information regarding the regiment's losses was received in Lincoln in private cablegrams.

AGONCILLO IS INTERVIEWED.

He Says It Will Take the United States at Least Ten Years to Conquer the Philippines.

COL. JAS. A. SEXTON DEAD.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic Expired at 3:40 Sunday Morning in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Col. James A. Sexton, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a member of the war investigating commission, died at 3:40 o'clock Sunday morning at Garfield hospital from complications resulting primarily from an attack of the grip.

Col. Sexton had been ill about a month, first with grip and kidney troubles and later with meningitis of the brain. His system failed to respond to medical treatment and for several weeks his recovery was hardly expected.

Sunday night the body was put aboard the 7:20 train on the Pennsylvania railroad and will be taken to Chicago. There were no funeral services in this city, but six members of the grand army acted as pall bearers both when the body was removed from the hospital and when put aboard the train.

At Chicago, F. W. Spenk, quartermaster of the grand army; H. P. Thompson, assistant adjutant general, and W. L. Smith, of the Loyal Legion, will have charge of the military funeral arrangements. Commander Arthur Hendricks, of the department of the Potomac, G. A. R., Sunday issued a special order commemorative of Col. Sexton. Many floral tributes were received by the family, including tributes from the war investigating commission and President McKinley, who sent a beautiful wreath.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 6.—Capt. W. C. Johnson, senior vice commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., is the head of the Johnson Bros. Hardware Co., of this city. Under the constitution he becomes the acting commander-in-chief upon the death of his superior, and continues as the acting commander-in-chief until the vacancy is filled.

THE BIG CANAL AT PANAMA.

Work on the Waterway is Progressing at a Rapid Rate—The Culbreth Cut Will Be Completed in Nine Months.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Reports of extensive work on the Panama canal are brought by Charles M. Dobson, an English civil engineer, who has just arrived here from Colon. Mr. Dobson said:

"I have visited the canal on several occasions since 1891, but I have never seen anything like the activity visible at present. The French are evidently in earnest and are progressing at a wonderfully rapid rate. They are concentrating their energies on the great Culbreth cut, the most serious obstacle along the whole route. The company has from 1,700 to 2,000 laborers at work, with about 50 locomotives, each of which hauls a train of from 10 to 15 cars.

"At the rate at which they are now excavating, the great cut will be completed within nine months. My impression is that the management, having finished this cut, will declare that they have solved the greatest problem of the canal and that additional funds are all that is needed to carry the whole work to completion. Water is actually in 19 miles of the canal on the Atlantic side and seven on the Pacific side.

"Up to the present about \$137,000,000 in American gold has been spent and I believe the canal can be finished for \$125,000,000. The company appears to suffer for no lack of money, for the men are promptly paid.

"The concession given by Colombia expired last October, but I am informed that arrangements have been made for its extension for another period of six years. My impression is that it will require about ten years more work before the canal is ready to receive ships."

AGONEILLO IS INTERVIEWED.

He Says It Will Take the United States at Least Ten Years to Conquer the Philippines.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 6.—Word was received in this city at 10 o'clock Sunday night that Agoneillo would reach here on his way to Montreal at 11:10 o'clock. The train arrived on time, and with the train was a party of newspaper men. When the cars pulled into the Union station here word was given out that Agoneillo was in one of the sleepers and that he could not be disturbed.

He had retired at Poughkeepsie. The train left Troy at 11:30 o'clock for Montreal and is due at that point at 7 o'clock Monday morning. It was stated here in an unofficial way that Agoneillo would be arrested at Rouses' Point, but it could not be learned that any arrangements had been made to this effect.

Place at Half Mast.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—Postmaster Gordon Sunday ordered all the postal stations in Chicago to display their flags at half-mast until after the funeral of Col. James A. Sexton, who died in Washington Saturday. A meeting of the Chicago letter carriers was held Sunday and elaborate arrangements made for taking part in Col. Sexton's funeral.

Two Brakemen Killed.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 6.—Edward Winston and Clayton A. Sublet, of Bluefield, Norfolk and Western brakemen, were crushed to death by the cars, near Poca.

MINING CAMP SNOW BOUND.

Situation is Critical in the Extreme and Starvation Stares the Inhabitants of Independence, Col., in the Face.

ASPEN, Col., Feb. 6.—The situation at the mining camp of Independence, 18 miles from here, is critical in the extreme. Starvation stares the inhabitants of the town in the face. Provision and fuel supplies are nearly exhausted. Wood that had been piled up for winter use lies buried under many feet of snow and can not be reached. The mines there, in all probability, must close down until spring. Roads leading to this place, the only source of supply for Independence, are impassable and the only method of journeying between the two places is on snow shoes, an exceedingly dangerous method of travel. The storm is still raging fiercely at Independence, making the outlook more gloomy. Snow slides are so frequent between Aspen and Independence that it is almost suicidal to venture on the route there.

Transport Solace Did Not Leave for Manila.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—A special from Norfolk, Va., says: "The United States transport Solace, which was to have sailed for Manila Sunday at noon, did not get away from Hampton Roads. Just why she was held is not definitely known, but it is believed by naval officers that the developments in the Philippines since her original orders were issued have prompted the navy department to hold the ship here until additional supplies are received for transportation to Manila."

## REDUCTION TO THE TRADE.

The Fraternal Feeling of a House Painter for an Artist Patron.

There is a saying that two of a trade can never agree, but there is reason to believe that there is more fraternity of interest than is generally supposed. An instance to prove this theory is found in the case of an artist in the suburbs who had the front of his cottage painted last week. It wasn't much of a job, but it was done very well, and the painter was told to bring in his bill.

Three days later the man of the house was told that the painter wanted to see him. "Tell him to leave the bill and I'll send him a check," was the impatient answer.

He was informed that the painter wanted to see him in person, so there was nothing to do but to show him up.

"Well?" said the man of the house rather shortly.

"I hope you like the job," said the painter, with a mysterious smile.

He was informed that it appeared to be all right.

"I always do good work," said the painter, virtuously. "But this here house—boss, I rather shrouded myself on this when I found out who you was."

"So you found out who I was, did you?" "Yes. When I went to the drug store at the corner for putty, the clerk told me you was a painter, and one of the best in this country. I asked why you didn't paint your house, then, and he said you had got your hand out now, and didn't paint anything but pictures. So when I found you in the trade I did my prettiest. And here is the bill—\$18.00—and it ain't no more than right, as you know, but, being it's you, I'll knock off the 60 cents."

To the everlasting credit of the celebrated artist he said that he kept his face straight and accepted the reduction in the spirit in which it was offered.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Where He Would Succeed.

"We are all qualified for some occupation," said the thoughtful man. "The trouble is we don't always know what it is, and so we make the wrong selection. Now there is Brown, the dumb man. He always is complaining that he is handicapped by his affliction, whereas it would insure him success if he only knew enough to take up the right line of business."

"What would you call the right line for him?" "The tonsorial line, of course."—Chicago Post.

Union Seed 68c and Up a Lb.

Catalogue tells how to grow 1213 bus. per acre as easily as 100 bushels. Largest growers of Earliest Vegetables and Farm Seeds. Earliest vegetables always pay. Salzer's Seeds produce them weeks ahead of others. Coffee Berry 15c per lb. Potatoes \$1.20 a Bbl. of this out and send with 14c for great Catalogue and 10 packages of vegetable and flower seed novelties to JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY, LA CROSSE, WIS. [K.]

Truly Great.

"Is there anything grander than a man you can trust?" "Yes." "Well, what is it?" "Why, a man that doesn't ask you to trust him."—Detroit Free Press.

Know He's Got It.

"I hear my friend Meyer has married a phenomenally ugly woman." "Yes, all his friends, as soon as they have seen her, want to borrow money of him."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Some Solace.

To the victors belong the spoils, and to the vanquished the privilege of indulging in sarcastic criticism.—Puck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A girl thinks the wisdom of Solomon insignificant when compared with the smart sayings of her first beau.—Chicago Daily News.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"Don't you think she fully appreciates her husband?" "Oh, no; she loves him too much for that."—Town Topics.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

"I care not," said the capitalist, "who makes the laws of the country, so long as I can help form the trusts."—Life.

Freeze and fret? Why? St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia. Soothes it down.

Wit is folly when in the keeping of a fool.—Chicago Daily News.

In the morning well. St. Jacobs Oil cures soreness and stiffness.

ASK everybody you know to save their tin tags for you

The Tin Tags taken from Horseshoe, "J. T.," Cross Bow, Good Luck—and Drummond Natural Leaf—will pay for any one or all of this list of desirable and useful things—and you have your good chewing tobacco besides.

Every man, woman and child in America can find something on this list that they would like to have and can have—FREE! Write your name and address plainly and send every tag you can get to us—mentioning the number of the present you want. Any assortment of the different kinds of tags mentioned above will be accepted as follows:

TAGS

1 Match Box, quaint design, imported from Japan. 25

2 Knife, one blade, good steel. 25

3 Scissors, 4 1/2-inch, good steel. 25

4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon. 25

5 Salt and Pepper, one each, quadruple plate on white metal. 60

6 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel. 60

7 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality. 60

8 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best quality. 60

9 Stamp Box, sterling silver. 70

10 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades 10

11 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch blade. 75

12 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch, nickel. 75

13 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver. 80

14 Nail File, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch. 100

15 Tooth Brush, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch. 100

16 Paper Cutter, sterling silver, amethyst set, 7-inch. 100

17 Base Ball "Association," best quality. 200

18 Watch, stem wind and set, guaranteed good time keeper. 200

TAGS

19 Alarm Clock, nickel, warranted. 200

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21 Six Rogers' Teaspoons, best quality. 250

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23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer. 500

24 Stove, Wilson Heater, size No. 30 or No. 40. 500

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26 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome. 600

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28 Sewing Machine, first class, with all attachments. 1500

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31 Shot Gun, double barrel, hammer, less, sub twist. 2000

32 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. 2500

33 Bicycle, standard make, ladies' or gent's. 2500

BOOKS—30 choice selections—name as last year's list, 40 tags each.

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Is proved by the health of the people who have taken it. More people have been made well, more cases of disease and sickness have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any other medicine in the world. The peculiar combination, proportion and process in its preparation make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself and unequalled by any other.

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## HOW THEY GROW.

Mark well your slender stalk of green  
Just springing forth the clouds between  
While April airs are chilly;  
With filmy leaflets closely curled,  
It looks a tiny banner furled,  
But soon will be a lily.

A sparrow's weight would bend it low,  
A little flood would overflow,  
A little frost would kill it;  
And even when grown it reaches up  
And lifts to heaven a heavenly cup,  
A little dew would fill it.

Yet all the power that Newton saw  
Bind in one vast and equal law  
Pebble, and planet growing,  
Cannot, when spring is come, keep hid  
The lily 'neath its coverlid,  
Nor stay its buds from blowing.

It knows no labor but to bloom—  
God's darling need no cares assume,  
No tribute pay but beauty;  
It cannot but live in the light,  
And still to keep its garments white  
Is nature more than duty.

What if to-morrow it must die?  
Is there no Easter in the sky  
To earth's dead blossoms given?  
Yon world would forfeit half its bliss  
If what is sweetest here in this  
Brief springtime, had no heaven.

"Much more, O ye of little faith—  
(This is the word the Master saith)  
Much more to you His will is!"  
—Nay, but it were enough for me  
Could I, O Master! only be  
To thee as are Thy lilies.

—W. H. Woods, in Youth's Companion.



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## SYNOPSIS.

D'Auzac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron is in temporary command, appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge against D'Auzac. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from king's camp at Le Fore, prisoners. D'Auzac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupted by appearance of de Rone, and D'Auzac is told he will have to find alive at close of morning's battle. Riding over to king's camp, D'Auzac finds Nicholas, victim of de Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routed de Rone's forces, D'Auzac, lying nearly wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar of de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stabs Maugnot (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from de Gomeron and d'Ayen, her sister, rides over the night. Madame rescues d'Auzac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is heiress of Bidache. When well enough he is taken to her. Tomorrow, chairman, where he hears from Maître Pallin, madame's chaplain, the king is about to force her to marry d'Ayen. He sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Burying with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron. Flying for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biran, one of the traitors, whom d'Auzac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas. He has escaped. Arriving in Paris the chevalier says what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordnance. Calling on de Belin, a friend of d'Auzac, secures from him a servant, Ravallac, who had previously been in service of d'Auzac. D'Auzac's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fortnight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Pallin and madame arrive in Paris. D'Auzac has suspicions aroused concerning Ravallac; later witnesses meeting with de Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chevalier is introduced at court by de Belin, where he charges Biran with being traitor to France and king. For his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit France. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow. King's imperative that flight occur that night, if madame be saved. D'Auzac therefore meets her secretly, when masked men swoop down on pair and carry them off, bound and gagged. After 24 hours' imprisonment, during which he has interview with de Gomeron and Babette, he manages to escape. At his lodgings he finds Jacques, Pallin, de Belin and his host Pantin assembled in council. Next morning Pantin and d'Auzac, disguised, go to Toison d'Or, a sort of inn next building to which he and madame had been taken. D'Auzac hires a room, and from a window reaches roof of next building where, through a skylight, he witnesses meeting of de Gomeron and two confederates. They plan another meeting for that night when Biran will be present. He determines to communicate again with Sully, but Ravallac and de Gomeron being below, and fearing detection, is compelled to hide his opportunity. After a time he sees in window opposite face of madame, he telling her of de Gomeron's plans. He tells her of de Gomeron's plans. He tells her of de Gomeron's plans.

## CHAPTER XX.

## AT THE SIGN OF "THE TOISON D'OR."

Turning we beheld de Vitry at the open door, the small and narrow figure of Pantin at his elbow, and close behind the stern features of the grand master, the anxiety on whose face cleared as he saw the king before him. He was about to speak, but Henry burst in rapidly—"I know all, duke. It is time to act, not talk, Armand. But I shall long remember this frolic!"

"It would seem that God has given us a great deliverance, sire. All is ready!" "Come," said the king, "we have no time to lose, and if we delay longer that hotheaded de Belin will strike the first blow."

"With your majesty's permission I will make an assault on the rear." I said, "On the rear!" exclaimed de Vitry, whilst the grand master said, "it is impossible!"

But I only pointed to the window, and Henry laughed.

"Ventrebien! I understand—a great idea! But, monsieur, take care how you give away a secret. I shall have no peace if monseigneur the great master hears what has happened."

I was young enough still to feel my face grow hot at the approval in the

king's voice, and then without another word they passed out, tramp, tramp, down the stairs, all except Sully, who stayed behind for a moment.

"Monsieur!" he asked, "what has happened between you and the king?" "His majesty has pardoned me."

"A child might see that. What else? Be quick."

"And has given me orders to meet you as you enter the Toison d'Or."

The frown on his face cleared. "Well answered, chevalier. The king I see has won a faithful and discreet friend. Make your attack when you hear the petard." Then he, too, turned his broad shoulders on me and followed the rest.

As the sound of the heavy footfalls ceased I gave a last look at my pistols, drew in my sword-belt by a hole, and, all booted as I was, essayed the ladder again.

I had already observed that the skylight was but a light wooden framework, with a glazing between, and would need no great effort to break down—one strong push and the way was clear before me. So I stayed for a minute of breathless silence, then far below came a sharp, shrill whistle, hurried exclamations from the plotters, and now the explosion of the petard, that made the house rock to and fro like a tree in the wind.

I had no need to force open the skylight. The effect of the explosion did that most effectually for me, and blew out the lamps in the room below as well, reducing it on a sudden to absolute darkness. There was a yell of terror from the room, and without a moment's hesitation I swung through the window and dropped down among the conspirators. They were to a man crowding to the door, and not one took any note of my entrance, so great was their confusion. I followed the rush of hurrying figures as they passed through the door into a passage in dim light from a fire that burned in a small grate. One end of this passage was full of smoke, against which the bright flashes of drawn swords were as darts of lightning. Beyond the smoke, and below, we could hear the clash of steel, cries of pain and savage oaths, where men were fighting and dying hard. As I dashed down the passage, sword in hand, my only thought to reach the prisoner's room, one of the retreating figures turned and called out: "Quick, monsieur—follow me—the secret stair!"

It was Laffin. In the confusion and semi-gloom he had mistaken me for his chief. I made no answer, but as I rushed forward struck him on the face with the hilt of my sword, and he rolled over like a log.

There I was, right in amongst the scared plotters, cheek by jowl with M. de Savoy's envoy, and I could have dropped him then and there, but that my whole heart was in madame's room, and I knew that there were others who could and would deal with him.

As I elbowed my way through the press, vainly endeavoring to find the way to my dear's prison, we reached a landing from which a long stair led straight up, and here I heard the marshal's voice, cracked with rage and fear:

"Laffin! De Gomeron! To me—here! here!"

"Ladies first, march!—I must look to my bride."

Then through the smoke I saw de Gomeron's tall figure mounting the stair, and I rushed forward to follow him.

It was at this juncture that a portion of our own party forced their way to the landing, and one of them, whose sword was broken, flung himself upon me, dagger in hand, shouting: "Death to traitors!" I had just time to seize his wrist. He tripped sideways over something that lay very quiet at our feet, and, dragging me down, we rolled over and over with the clash of blades over us. "It is I—fool—I, d'Auzac—let go!" I shouted, as he tried to stab at me. "Let go, you!" sputtered d'Aubusson's voice, and we loosed each other. I had no time for another word, and, grasping my sword, which was hanging to my wrist by the knot, I sprang up, and the next moment was hot foot after de Gomeron.

I managed somehow to force my way through the crowd, but the stairway was half full of men, and at the head of it stood the free lance with a red sword in his hand and two or three huddled objects that lay in shapeless masses around him.

Some one, with a reckless indifference to his own life—it was I, afterward found out, Pantin—held up a torch, and as the flare of it shot up the stairway de Gomeron threw back his head and laughed at us.

"Twenty to one—come, gentlemen—or must I come to you?" He took a couple of steps down the stairs, and the crowd that had made as if it would rush at him wavered and fell back, bearing me, hoarse with shouting for way, with them to the landing.

For the moment, penned up and utterly unable to get forward, I was a mere spectator of what followed.

The free lance took one more downward step, and then a slight figure, with one arm in a sling, slid out from the press and flew at him.

It was d'Ayen, and I felt a sudden warning of the heart to the man who was going to his death.

"You—you traitor!" he gasped, as, using his sword with his left hand, his sword ripped the free lance's ruff.

"Stand back, old fool—stand back—or—there! Take it!" and with a sharp scream d'Ayen fell backward, the crowd splitting for a moment, so that he rolled to the foot of the stairs and came up at my feet. God rest his soul! He died at the last like a gallant man.

They were backing in confusion now, and above the din I could hear the mocking of de Gomeron:

"Come, gentlemen, do not delay; time presses."

One rush through at that time might have saved him, but he stood there playing with death. With an effort I pushed d'Ayen, who was still breathing,

against the side of the wall, to let the poor wretch die in such comfort as could be, and, seeing my chance at last, made my way to the front.

De Gomeron was half way down the stairs by this, and when our swords met, he did not for the moment recognize me. But at the second pass he realized, and the torchlight showed him pale to the forehead.

"You!" he said, between his teeth.

"Yes, I, from under the Seine!" and I had run him through the throat but for our position where the advantage was all his and my reach too short. He had backed a step up as I spoke. Whether it was my sudden appearance, or what, I know not; but from this moment his bravado left him, and he now fought doggedly, and for dear life.

There was a hush behind me, and the light became brighter as more torches were brought, and I could now see the camarguer, white as a sheet, with two red spots on his cheeks.

"Do you like fighting a dead man, monsieur?" I asked, as I parried a thrust in tierce.

He half groaned, and the red spot on his cheek grew bigger, but he made no answer, and step by step I forced him upward.

He had been touched more than once, and there was a stain on his white satin doublet that was broadening each moment, whilst thrust and parry grew weaker, and something, I know not what, told me he was my man.

But he was a brave man if ever there was one, and he pulled himself together as we reached the upper landing for one last turn with the death that dogged him. So fierce was the attack he now made, that had he done so but a moment before, when the advantage of position was his, I know not what had happened. But now—it was different. He was my man, I was carried away by the fire within me, or else in pity I might have spared him—but there is no need to speak of this more. He thrust too high. I parried and returned, so that the cross hilt of my rapier struck dully over his heart, and he died where he fell.

But one word escaped him, some long-lost memory, some secret of that iron heart came up at the last.

"Denise!" he gasped, and was gone.

I stood over him for a moment, a drumming in my ears, and then I heard the ringing of cheers and the rush of feet. Then a half dozen strong shoulders were at the door before me, and as it fell back with a crash I sprang in and took a tall, slim, white-robed figure in my arms and kissed her dear face again and again.

One by one those in the room stepped out and left us together, and for once a brave heart gave way and she sobbed like a child on my shoulder.

I said nothing but held her to me, and so we might have been for a half hour,



STEP BY STEP I FORCED HIM UPWARD.

when I heard de Belin's voice at the broken door: "D'Auzac! Come, man! The king waits, and bring your prisoner." There was a laugh in his voice and a light on his face as he spoke, and my dear lifted her swimming eyes to my face and I kissed her again, saying: "Come, my prisoner!"

As we passed out I kept between Claude and the grim figure still lying stark on the landing, and held her to me, so that she could not see. So with Lissois before us we passed down the passage, filled now with men-at-arms, and halted before a room, the door of which was closed.

Then the door was flung open and a stream of light poured forth. We entered and saw the king standing surrounded by his friends, and a little on one side was the dejected group of conspirators.

The marshal, now abject, mean and cringing, was kneeling before Henry, who raised him as we entered, saying: "Biran, and you, Trémouille, and you all who called yourselves my friends, and lay in wait to destroy me, and destroy your country. I cannot forget that we were old comrades, and for old friendships' sake I have already told you that I forgive, and God give you all as clear a conscience as I have over the blood that has been spilt today."

As Laffin, with a white and bleeding face, led his master away, Henry's eye fell on me, and he beckoned me to advance. I did so, leading Claude by the hand.

"Chevalier," he said, "it is saying little when I say that it is through you that these misguided gentlemen have realized their wrongdoing. There is one recompense you would not let me make you for the wrongs you have suffered. There is, however, a reward for your services, which perhaps you will accept from me. I see before me a royal ward who has defied her guardian—Ventre St. Gris! My beard is getting over gray to look after such dainties. I surrender my ward to your care." As he said this he took Claude's hand and placed it in mine. "I see, madame," he added, "that this time you have no objection to the king's choice. There—quite right—kiss her, man."

It is all over at last, that golden summer that was so long and so

but a day. It is ten years ago that those shining eyes that never met mine but with the lovelight in them were closed forever; and the gift that God gave me, that did he take back.

I am old, and gray, and worn. My son, the Vicomte de Bidache, is in Paris with the cardinal, whilst I wait at Aurillac for the message that will call me to her. When she went, Bidache, where we lived, became unbearable to me, and I came back here to wait till I, too, am called. To wait and watch the uneasy sea, to hear the scream of the gulls and feel the keen salt air.

I have come to the last of the fair white sheets of paper the cure brought for me from Havre this autumn, and it grows strangely dark even for my eyes. I will write no more, but sit out on the terrace and wait for the sunset. Perhaps she may call me to-day. "Jacques! my cloak!"

THE END.

## SUNSHINE PEOPLE.

They Are the Divinely-Appointed Promoters of Optimism Who Keep Others Sweet.

"Why do you hurry to catch the 8:30 train, when you know there's another that leaves at 8:45, which would get us into town in plenty of time?" asked one young lady of another, as the two were hastening toward a suburban railroad station.

"Because," replied the other, with a little apologetic laugh, "I always like to get in on the sunshine man's train."

"Pray, who is the sunshine man?" inquired her companion. "The conductor?"

"Oh, my, no!" was the laughing response. "He's the crossdest bear that ever was. But there's the dearest little old gentleman who goes into town every morning on the 8:30 train. I don't know his name, and yet it does seem as if I knew him better than anybody else in town. He just radiates cheerfulness as far as you can see him. There is always a smile on his face, and I never heard him open his mouth except to say some kind or courteous or good-natured thing. Everybody bows to him, even strangers, and he bows to everybody, yet never with the slightest hint of presumption or familiarity. It just warms the cockles of one's heart to see his shining face, the twinkle of his eye, and the bright little flower he always wears in his buttonhole. If the weather is fine, his jolly compliments make it seem finer; and if it is raining, the merry way in which he speaks of it is as good as a rainbow. Everybody who goes in regularly on the 8:30 train knows the sunshine man. It's his train. There's nothing else to distinguish it from the 8:45, or any other. You just hurry up a little, and I'll show you the sunshine man, this morning. It's foggy and cold, but if one look at him doesn't cheer you up so that you'll want to whistle, then I'm no judge of human nature."

It was a sweet and genuine tribute of human sympathy which this young lady paid to the overflowing kindness of the "sunshine man." There are a few such men—and women, too—in every community, and God seems to have set them there to keep the rest of the people from getting too sour and despondent and self-absorbed and unneighborly. They are the divinely-appointed promoters of optimism, these sunshine folk. Most people have a tendency to grow sadder as they grow older—especially when they are abroad among strangers. One glance at the faces of people in any street car will prove this.—Standard.

## WHEN WE BEGAN.

It Was Not Until the Eighteenth Century That People Appreciated Natural Scenery.

In the eighteenth century people began to appreciate natural scenery, but chiefly when it took the form of extensive prospects, or, what we should now call, perhaps slightly, panoramic views. The novelists of that century did not place their characters among elaborately arranged scenery. But the essayists of the period had noted the tendency of the age, and strove to explain the matter philosophically. "Thus we read in Addison's Spectator: 'The mind of man naturally hates everything that looks like restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itself under a sort of confinement, when the sight is pent up in a narrow compass, and shortened on every side by the neighborhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a spacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immensity of its views, and to lose itself amidst the variety of objects that offer themselves to its observation. Such wide and undetermined prospects are as pleasing to the fancy as the speculations of eternity or infinitude are to the understanding. But if there be a beauty of uncommonness joined with this grandeur, as in the troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with stars and meteors or a spacious landscape out into rivers, woods, rocks and meadows, the pleasure still grows upon us, as it arises from more than a single principle.'—Household Words."

## They Get It Honestly.

"Why is it that women lay so much more stress than men do upon the value of a pedigree?"

"They inherit it from Eve, I guess."

"From Eve? I don't see what she had to boast of in that line."

"It wasn't much, but she wasn't made out of clay, while Adam was, and I'll bet she never got through reminding him of her superior origin."—Toronto News.

## Proof of Gentleness.

Minnie—What frauds these beggars are. I met a "blind" man who said: "Please give me a penny, beautiful lady."

Mamie—Yes, he said that to—take you think he really was blind.

## THE SITUATION IN CUBA.

Gen. Gomez's Declaration Simplifies the Situation on the Island—Commissioner R. P. Porter's Views.

HAVANA, Feb. 4.—Mr. Robert P. Porter before sailing for Miami, Fla., made the following statement: "While the situation here has been improved and simplified by the declaration of Gen. Gomez that he will immediately take part in the pacification of Cuba, the advantage thus gained should be followed up by the American authorities. The entire policing of the island should be done by the Cubans themselves. The real police work is in fact, now in the hands of the Cuban soldiers, and law and order are well maintained. There should not be a moment's delay in the organization and equipment of these civil guards."

The bulk of the American soldiers must be taken out of Cuba by April. There is really no necessity for more than two regiments in each province to serve as a background of support for the Cuban police. In giving the best of these people employment, all the more will be left of the relief fund for those who must be helped back to the land.

The feeling of distrust between the Cubans and the Americans has been temporarily checked by the message of Gen. Gomez to President McKinley and the president's reply through Secretary Hay. If the younger military elements of both armies will now get together and complete the several schemes for policing the provinces which at this moment are awaiting crystallization the problem will be solved. Delay in this work will be fatal. If such men as Gen. Gomez, Gen. Montaguado, of Santa Clara province; Gen. Mayia Rodriguez, of the Province of Pinar Del Rio; Gen. Pedro Betancourt, of Matanzas province and others whom I know personally, will assure President McKinley and Gov. Gen. Brooke that law and order will be maintained, their pledge will be carried out at any cost.

"There is too much disposition to discuss minor details. There is too much hesitancy in bringing matters to a head. In the province of Santa Clara Montaguado's admirable policing plan has been already put in operation, and it is one, as Gen. Leonard Wood told me yesterday, which is along right lines. The entire police work in that province, so Maj. Logan, provost marshal, informed me, has been done by Cubans since the evacuation."

"Why not take up at once and dispose of this matter? Things must be kept moving in Cuba or summer will overtake us with too many troops there. Our soldiers themselves fully realize the situation. They frankly say that their chief occupation is to guard each other while their chiefs in Washington, Havana and Remedios are exchanging confidences. The younger officers on both sides should come together and evolve preliminary policing plans and get those into working order without delay. Once this is well done, matters will take care of themselves in Cuba. At least that is my opinion."

## TERRORIZED WOMAN'S DEED.

She Shoots and Kills a Man Who Tore Off Her Clothing On the Street at Sistersville in the Early Morning.

BELLAIRE, O., Feb. 4.—At 3 a. m. Friday morning at Sistersville, W. Va., on the Ohio river, south of this city, a terrible murder occurred. Harry Deffinbaugh, aged 25 years, son of John Deffinbaugh, a teamster, was shot and instantly killed on one of the most prominent streets of the town by Miss Ella Downen, an attractive young girl, aged 20.

The young man followed her and caught her and tried to tear her clothing from her body, when she drew a .38 caliber revolver and shot him. The bullets took effect in neck, right breast and left side. He died in ten minutes on the sidewalk. The girl claims she was terrorized and did not know what she was doing. She is now in jail. Great excitement prevails.

## McKINLEY TO GEN. GOMEZ.

The President Thanks the General for His Decision to Co-Operate in the Pacification of Cuba.

HAVANA, Feb. 4.—The following message from President McKinley was received by Robert P. Porter Friday morning and was transmitted to Gen. Maximo Gomez:

"Hon Robert P. Porter, Havana.—The president sends his hearty congratulations and thanks for your dispatch. Convey his cordial greetings to Gen. Gomez and his grateful appreciation of the general's frank and friendly message. The co-operation of Gen. Gomez in the pacification of Cuba will be of the greatest value for both peoples." [Signed.]

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

Vanderlip V re Ld.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Vanderlip is dangerously ill. He recently returned from the West Indies, where he was taken sick, but had recovered sufficiently to return home.

Col. Sexton, Conductor of Force.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The condition of Col. James A. Sexton is again such as to give much concern regarding the outcome of his illness. A brain commotion is feared.

## A BAD RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Six Persons in a Furniture Van Killed by a Train—Four of Them and Two Fatally Injured.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 4.—A furniture wagon loaded with furniture, which six persons, five young women were riding on Friday by a fast Baltimore and Ohio freight train at the crossing at station, just above McKeesport. Four of the men were killed and other man and the young woman so badly injured that they will probably die.

The names of the dead are believed to be: Hudson Elder, Vest V. George Dawson and an unknown man. Mrs. Edna Lawson is supposed to be the name of the injured woman.

The sixth victim is a one legged man whose name is unknown. Both injured persons were taken to the Keesport hospital in an unconscious condition. All efforts to revive them have been unavailing, and therefore nothing definite can be learned as to how the accident occurred. It is believed that the victims were moving from some part of McKeesport to Duquesne.

The train was making fast time and struck the wagon with fearful force. Hudson Elder's body was thrown a distance of 30 feet and was found on Pittsburgh & Lake Erie track, which at that point runs parallel with those of the Baltimore & Ohio. The wagon was knocked to splinters and its contents scattered for yards around. The men who were killed were all aged probably between 21 and 25 years.

## AMERICAN SOAPMAKERS.

A Gigantic Combination Forming for the Purpose of Controlling the Output—Capitalization \$90,000,000.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—The Record Saturday morning says: New York promoters are interesting eastern capitalists in a plan which contemplates formation of a gigantic combination to control the American soap output. With \$90,000,000 capital, of which \$50,000,000 will be in preferred stock, \$50,000,000 be common stock, negotiations are pending for the acquisition of all the important factories in the United States.

Chicago houses whose names are in the proposed consolidation include James S. Kirk & Co., Fairbank Co., Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Nelson Morris & Allen B. Wrisley Co.

Proctor & Gamble, Cincinnati; Lobbitt, Philadelphia; James S. Colgate & Son, New York; Higgins soap works, New York, also mentioned.

Acquisition of the properties of several component companies will be by outright purchase for cash, distribution of preferred and common stock to the factories that turn out their plants.

## A HAILSTORM IN ALABAMA.

A Severe Cyclone Followed, Blowing Down Telegraph Poles, Houses, Railroad Cars, Fences, Etc.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 4.—A hailstorm raged at Morris, in the upper part of this county late Friday afternoon. This seemed to start a cyclone and a swath 300 yards wide was mowed for several miles. Trees, telegraph poles, houses, railroad cars and fences were blown down. Several people are reported injured, but as far as known here Friday night no one was killed. At Dale, a stone quarry camp, 12 houses and a commissary were leveled. Several people were badly injured. Railroad cars were blown off the track and some of them propelled a mile away. One mile above Village Springs the cyclone blew down Lige Bowden's house, seriously injuring him and slightly injuring his family. The storm seemed to break against a mountain at this point and was dissipated.

## CLOAKMAKERS QUIT WORK.

They Protest Against Long Hours and a Reduction of 30 Per Cent. in the Regular Weekly Wage Scale.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—The strike season among the east side garment workers began Friday, when 1,500 cloakmakers quit work in the shops of four contractors. If the plans formulated Friday night by the executive committee of the United Brotherhood of Cloakmakers do not miscarry it is probable that fully 5,000 operatives will join the strikers by Sunday in protest against long hours and a reduction of 30 per cent. in the regular weekly wage scale. New price schedules were prepared at a meeting of the strikers held Friday night which will be submitted to the employers for consideration.

Five Persons Injured, Two Fatally.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 4.—A natural gas explosion at Sharsburg late Friday afternoon wrecked the residence of Joseph Ackerman and seriously injured five persons, two, it is thought, fatally.

Killed by a Negro.

HILL GROVE, Ky., Feb. 4.—A negro, McGee, a blacksmith, was shot and killed here Friday afternoon by a white man.



# ROYAL

## Baking Powder

Made from pure  
cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food  
against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest  
menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published every Tuesday and Friday by

WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc.  
payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
Displays, one dollar per inch for day, insertion; half rates each insertion thereafter.  
Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line each insertion. Locals in black type, twenty cents per line each insertion.  
Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line rates.  
Obituaries, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line.  
Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.

### "Young Birds."

[Communicated.]

A NUMBER of the young men whom I hear talking about "hard times" and "no work," remind me of young birds who sit in their nest with their mouths wide open waiting for grub to fall in. I was asking one of these (citing him to certain work) why he did not try to get it. He said that it did not pay enough. I then asked him if it did not beat nothing. "This is no such and such as loafers and don't serve the bread they consume that is to go to more worthy people. It is an honest working man tired to death to such. I have a mind to say to any healthy man who wants to and shows up honest and faithful, will soon find a place, more, he will be sought for. And who will not work, Paul says, do not to eat. To this doctrine common sense accents revelation."

J. M. THOMAS.

THE keel of the new battleship, Maine, was laid on February 15th at Philadelphia. This date will be the anniversary of the explosion in Havana harbor of the ship of that name. It is hoped that the new battleship will be ready to be launched on Feb. 15, 1900, the second anniversary of the Maine disaster.

Gov. BRADLEY told a reporter Saturday that he would not have another term as Governor of Kentucky as a gracious gift. He says that the office is a thankless one. There are at least a dozen distinguished Kentuckians now before the public, however, who do not agree with the Governor.

CAPT. COLBY M. CHESTER, who commanded the cruiser Cincinnati during the Spanish war, has been chosen to command the new battleship Kentucky. Here's looking at you, Captain, and may the old Commonwealth be proud of you both.

Two Mormon missionaries are having a warm old time in London. Their meetings have been broken up by mobs and the preachers barely escaped violent handling. The English seem to be copying Kentucky styles.

CINCINNATI wants to make her Zoo a municipal property. What does she want with a Zoo—hasn't she her politicians?

EVERYBODY seems to be giving the Louisville Dispatch a kick as it goes down hill.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

We are the people's friends. We repair your linen and put neck bands on free. HAGGARD & REED.

### GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

Richard Mansfield began an engagement in Boston last night in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

"The Christian" began its eighteenth week last night in New York. The play will be taken on the road March 6th.

The Ellis Grand Opera Company will give four performances at the Music Hall, in Cincinnati, beginning February 27th, producing German and Italian opera.

L. H. Southern is playing at the Grand in Cincinnati this week, playing "The King's Musketeer." "A Colonial Daughter" will be given to-night and to-morrow. Camille Arville is appearing at the Walnut in "The Highwayman."

Chas. Hoyt, the famous writer of farces, is broken down in body and mind and is under the care of a physician. The recent death of his wife, Caroline Miskel Hoyt, and the failure of his new play, "A Dog In The Manger," are probably the cause his breaking down. His most notable successes were A Rag Baby, A Tin Soldier, A Parlor Match, A Midnight Bell, A Hole In The Ground, A Bunch of Keys, A Milk White Flag, A Brass Monkey, A Stranger In New York, A Contented Woman, A Texas Steer, A Black Sheep, A Runaway Colt, and A Trip To Chinatown.

### The Latest In Sleeping Cars

The up-to-date idea of improvement is shown in new Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars running daily from Louisville and Cincinnati to Chicago and to the East over the Pennsylvania Short Lines. The Pennsylvania always leads in introducing the newest and best traveling facilities. Travelers in quest of comfort should get acquainted with the new equipment. Inquiries on the subject will be answered by GEORGE E. ROCKWELL, A. G. P. Agt., Cincinnati.

### SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

An Elk Lodge will be organized at Maysville.

An account of the battle of Manila will be found on page two.

Sam Jones' meeting at Hopkinsville resulted in 300 conversions.

One Mt. Sterling man made \$1,300 last week on the rise in wheat.

The trial of editor C. C. Moore for sending obscene literature through the mails begins to-day at Cincinnati.

The remains of an ex-Confederate were escorted to the station at Logansport, Ind., by fifty G. A. R. Veterans.

The International Investment company of Mt. Sterling, filed articles of incorporation Friday. Capital stock \$50,000. The principal incorporators are Brown Cornelison, R. S. Guitaskin and Roger N. Cornelison.

### Mardi Gras

at New Orleans and Mobile QUEEN & CRESCENT Route, limited trains, equipped with elegance, running on fast time. One fare round trip tickets from Cincinnati and the north on sale daily, February 6 to 13, good until Feb. 28, to return. Also to Birmingham, Ala. on the same dates. W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

S. S. ABNEY, mail carrier, will haul light baggage to and from depot. Terms very reasonable. Leave orders at Post-office. (tf)

Insure your property against fire, wind and lightning in the Hurst Home Insurance Co., a safe and reliable company.

O. W. MILLER, Agent, Paris, Ky.

NEW YORK, Edam, pine-apple, Neufchatel cheese. (tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

NUTS, raisins, dates, figs, currants, seedless raisins. (tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

FOR SALE—One large anthracite stove. Apply to Dr. Ussery. (2t)

### An Heir Comes To Life.

JAMES P. WILSON, who left Kentucky about ten years ago, and has been considered dead, has returned to Kentucky to claim \$3,000 which his aunt, Mrs. Cleary, who lived near the Bourbon-Harrison line, willed to him eight years ago. The estate was recently settled, and as the law supposes a man dead if he has not been heard from for seven years, Wilson has barely missed being declared legally dead. His bequest would have gone to his children.

### The Palace Hotel.

The Palace Hotel at Cincinnati is always headquarters for Kentuckians. Under the liberal management of Mr. Maxwell the Palace is justly popular. Located in the center of the city at Sixth and Vine, it is convenient to all business houses and places of amusement. The fare is unexcelled. Both American and European plans. American \$2 and \$2.50 a day; European, rooms \$1. Stop there next time you are in Cincinnati.

### Judgment Against The L. & N.

The Court of Appeals Friday affirmed the judgment of the Lincoln Circuit Court in awarding D. S. Cooley's administrators \$4,000 against the L. & N. Cooley, who was employed as a brakeman on the L. & N., was killed while passing over the Maysville bridge, near this city.

The Eagle King of All Birds, is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, styes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents.

Weak Eyes are Made Strong, dim vision made clear, styes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

THERE are eggs and eggs. The egg of yesterday looks, feels, measures and weighs like the egg of last month, but there's a difference in another respect, and that difference is worth money. Its just so with laundry. The difference between good work and poor is slight to the unpracticed discernment, but its a difference that counts every time. It's a difference that changes your laundry bill from an expense to an investment. We do good work—it will cost no more than poor work but its worth double the difference.

### BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

Lung Irritation is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or cold will not settle there. Twenty five cents at all good druggists.

### W. S. Anderson,

Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Gentle—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for Stomach Trouble and Constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years. I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours, W. S. ANDERSON. Sold by all druggists at 50c, and \$1 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

### RAILROAD TIME CARD.

#### L. & N. R. R.

#### ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:35 p. m.; 10:10 p. m.  
From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.  
From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.  
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

#### DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.  
To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.  
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:16 p. m.  
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

### "BIG FOUR"

#### ROUTE

BEST LINE TO AND FROM

### TOLEDO & DETROIT

All Points in Michigan.

#### CHICAGO.

"White City Special."

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Buffett Parlor Cars, Wagner Sleeping Cars, Private Compartment Cars, Elegant Coaches and Dining Cars.

Be sure your tickets read via "BIG FOUR."

O. McCOMBICK,

Passenger Traffic Mgr.

D. B. MARTIN,

Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

### FOMENTATIONS.

How to Prepare Them When No Hot Water Is at Hand.

Fomentations of hot or cold water are often very useful, and every one should know how to give them. A flannel cloth may be folded, wrung out of hot or cold water as is desired and applied directly to the skin. It is much better after wringing out the flannel as dry as desired to fold it in a dry flannel cloth of one or two thicknesses before applying it to the patient. A little time is required for the heat of the fomentation to penetrate the dry flannel, and thus the skin is allowed an opportunity to acquire tolerance for the heat, and a higher degree of temperature can be borne if the moist cloth is brought directly into contact with the surface. The outer fold of dry flannel will also serve to keep the cloth warm by preventing evaporation.

A hot fomentation is sometimes needed when no hot water is at hand. It is not necessary to wait for water to be heated in the usual way. Soak the flannel in cold water, wring as dry as desired, fold in a newspaper and lay upon the stove or wrap it about the stove-pipe. In a few minutes it will be as warm as the patient can bear. The paper keeps the pipe from becoming moistened by the wet flannel and at the same time prevents the flannel from being soiled by contact with the pipe.

Fomentations thoroughly applied will relieve most of the local pains for which liniments, lotions and poultices are generally applied and are greatly to be preferred to these remedies since they are cleaner and aid nature more effectively in restoring the injured parts to a sound condition.

The fomentation may be changed frequently, and after it has been removed massage may be given either by the person himself or another, so as to strengthen the part and promote a better circulation of blood in it.—Exchange.

### KITTIES IN A JUNKSHOP.

They Are Old Sewing Machines That Are Bought For \$1.

"Got any kitties?" The junk dealer looked startled, for the question betokened an intimate knowledge of the jargon of his kind.

"Why, yes, I guess so," he responded when he could get his breath. What the buyer meant was an old sewing machine which could be turned in to the sewing machine company as part payment on a new machine. The company allows \$5 on an old machine, and sometimes the agent or canvasser allows \$5 more out of his commission on the sale.

The public imagines that in some way these old machines are valuable to the company, but, in truth, they are of use only as arguments in forcing a sale. In the standard makes of machines there is supposed to be absolutely no cut in prices, and the only way that a seeming reduction can be made is by taking in an old machine and allowing for it. The company does this not for the sake of getting the machine, but for the sake of making a trade. Once the old timer is in their possession it is broken up and sold to a junk dealer.

The companies know, of course, that a large number of the families who turn in old machines said to have been bought by them before the flood really come from the secondhand stores and cost only \$1. At this rate the buyer gets an allowance of \$10, which, deducting the \$1, leaves net \$9. If there does happen to be an old one in the possession of the family, the whole \$10 is realized.—New York Press.

### Midnight Harmonies.

The quaint old English church poet George Herbert was walking to Salisbury one evening to join a musical party when he met a poor man with a poorer horse that had fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and Mr. Herbert pulled off his coat and helped the man to unload his horse. He then gave him some money and left him. At his arriving at Salisbury his friends wondered at his coming into their company so soiled and discomfited. He explained the cause, and when one remarked that he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment he answered that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience. "For if I am bound to pray for all that be in distress so far as it is in my power I am to practice what I pray for, and let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul or showing mercy, and I bless God for this occasion. These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight music."

### M. D. F. R. S.

An eminent physician and Fellow of the Royal Society, seeing over the door of a paltry alehouse, the Crown and Thistle, by Malcolm MacTavish, M. D., F. R. S., walked in and severely rebuked the landlord for this presumptuous insult to science. Boniface, with proper respect, but with a firmness that showed he had been a soldier, assured the doctor that he meant no insult to science. "What right, then," asked he, "have you to put up those letters after your name?" "I have," answered the landlord, "as good a right to these as your honor, as drum major of the Royal Scots fusiliers."—Sanitarium.

### The Modern Drama.

"Have you copyrighted your play?" asked the theatrical manager. "No," replied the dramatist, lowering his voice, "but I copied it right."—Chicago Tribune.

When a man loses an ear, by paying from \$100 to \$150 he can procure another made of specially prepared rubber that can be crumpled without injury and is carefully painted to resemble the

# FRANK & CO.

404 MAIN STREET, - - - - - PARIS, KY.

New Goods,  
New Styles,  
New Patterns.

Prices Right,  
Style Right,  
Goods Right.

After the most successful week of sales in the history of our business we will be ready Monday, January 23rd, with our New Spring Styles in

Hamburgs,  
Laces,  
Percales,  
Piques,  
Cheviots,  
Sheetings.

Dimities,  
Ginghams,  
Welts,  
Shirtings,  
Cottons,  
Linen.

Ready-Made Sheets,  
Pillow Cases and Bolsters.

All at Prices that meet all legitimate competition.

# FRANK & CO.



It will be my endeavor this season to LARGELY INCREASE my sales in Wall Paper and if having the most COMPLETE LINE of PAPER, both in QUANTITY and QUALITY, in STYLE and BEAUTY and LOWNESS of PRICE means anything, success in this undertaking IS ALREADY ASSURED.

PROSPECTIVE BUYERS will do well TO INVESTIGATE this most effective line, and by so doing protect their own interests.

My CARPETS and PAPERS are bought in conjunction and you can fit your house up in a tasty manner at a small expense.

Respectfully,

J. T. HINTON.

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings. Send me your old furniture to be repaired. Your furniture moved by experienced hands. Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

## WATCH THIS SPACE

# PARKER & JAMES,

CLOTHIERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS,

Corner Main and Fourth Sts.,

Will occupy this space with their announcements. A new line of ready-to-wear clothing, and gents' hats, in this store-room lately

IMPERFECT IN ORIGINAL



## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

## SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

One year, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.00.  
 NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

SENT begins on the 5th—a week from to-morrow.

THE will of B. F. Schooler was probated yesterday.

JOHN CHILDERS has sold his house on Williams street to a colored woman for \$600.

DR. C. H. BOWEN, the optician, will be at A. J. Winters & Co.'s. Thursday, February 9th. Examination free.

AUCTIONEER FORTYH yesterday sold for Sheriff Geo. Bowen, 450 bushels of wheat at 66 cents, to B. M. Renick.

PRESSLY MADISON, the Montgomery county rape fiend, who was captured near Millersburg, was given twenty years by the Montgomery Circuit Court.

CLAY STONE and E. G. Daugherty, of this city, will be members of the graduating class at Kentucky University this year. Miss Francis Butler will graduate from State College.

CHAS. FOX, a negro, was knocked down by a policeman Friday in Maysville as he was in the act of robbing Wm. Gibson, of this county. Fox is in jail awaiting trial. Gibson had \$75 in his pocket.

HENRY LAWRENCE, who was indicted by the Montgomery grand jury for horse stealing, forfeited his bail of \$500 several days ago. The Montgomery officers traced him over several counties, and he was arrested in Bourbon last week by Deputy Sheriff Jas. Burke. He has been taken back to Mt. Sterling.

## The Treaty Ratified.

THE Senate yesterday afternoon ratified the Peace Treaty by a vote of 57 to 27, or three votes more than the necessary two-thirds. Senators Lindsay and Deboe voted for the treaty.

## Hemp Crops Bought.

WARREN BACON has bought the following crops of hemp for Brent Bros., 35,000 pounds of hemp from Sidney G. Clay, 25,000 from Henry Bidle, 150,000 from Ed Burke and W. C. Massie, and 10,000 pounds from Hall & Scott, Shawhan. The price paid for all of the crops was \$4.50 per cwt.

## New Church Members.

WOOD TURNER made the confession Sunday morning at the Christian Church and was immersed after the night service.

MISS NANNIE and Eva Ward united with the Baptist Church Sunday morning.

## Escaped Prisoners Return.

GEO. LANNAN, the Paris negro who killed "Doc" Caldwell in Cynthiana during the summer, and who escaped from the Cynthiana jail Tuesday night with four other prisoners returned to the jail Wednesday and gave himself up because of the exceedingly cold weather. Three of the other prisoners were held for housebreaking, and the other was a safe robber. All but one returned to the jail.

## The Monday Night Club.

THE Monday Night Literary Club met last night with Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Hinton, on High street. The program included a paper on "Richard III." by Miss Lelia Johnson; reading from "Woodman" by Miss Chornie Kern; paper on "Dunbar and Douglas," by Miss Fannie Ingels; reading from "Richard III." by Miss Etta McClintock; Quotations from "Richard III."

## Lt. Ben Frank Arrives.

LIEUTENANT BEN FRANK who recently resigned his army position as Port Surgeon of Fajardo, Porto Rico, arrived home Friday night, having come to New York Tuesday on the transport Berlin. He enlisted in the hospital corps of the First Kentucky and was promoted three times. Lt. Frank experienced many hardships during his service in the army, and returns with a good record.

Lieut. Frank brought home a bright little Porto Rican youth, named Domingo, aged about fifteen, who was in his service in Porto Rico. He is an exceptionally smart little fellow and is delighted with the United States. He speaks Spanish fluently and is learning English rapidly.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable, prompt paying companies—non-union.  
 W. O. HINTON, Agent.

## Rev. Pearson's Meeting.

Two very large audiences assembled Sunday at the Second Presbyterian Church to hear Rev. Pearson's discourses. The morning sermon was a strong, searching sermon from the text, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." In this sermon Rev. Pearson denounced the Sunday newspapers. The largest crowd of the meeting heard the night sermon on the text, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." Rev. Pearson discussed six of the best reasons given by sinners for not joining the church, and preached a very able and convincing sermon on the subject. Mrs. Pearson conducted a service in the afternoon especially for the young women.

Yesterday morning Rev. Pearson preached on the subject, "Help for Backsliders." At the conclusion of the sermon, nearly every man in the church went up and shook hands with the evangelist.

He preached a fine sermon last night on the subject, "Christ Receiving Sinners."

The sermons of Rev. Pearson are making a wonderful impression on his hearers and the influence will be felt for a long time to come. It is not doubted that the meeting will be a benefit to all the churches. This will be the last week of the meeting, and all who have not heard Rev. Pearson should not miss the opportunity of hearing his convincing Bible sermons.

## Paris Defeats Lexington.

THE Paris Bowling team defeated the Manhattan Bowling team of Lexington in two out of three games Thursday night at the Pastime Alleys in the city. The scores in the first game were Paris 732, Lexington 668; second game, Paris 680, Lexington 670; third game, Paris 671, Lexington 682.

The Lexington players were Graves, (captain), Salley, Oaks, W. B. Hutchinson, Denny, Glenn, Harting, Meiler, Beckley, Honaker.

The Paris players were: First game, W. E. Board, R. L. Hall, Will Rion, Ed. Hinton, Albert Hinton. Second game, Will Rion, Howard Edwards, Chas. Wilmoth, Frank Jacobs.

The Paris team will play the Manhattan in Lexington next week.

## Elopers Married Here.

A HANDSOME couple of eloping lovers arrived in the city Friday morning from Maysville and registered at the Windsor as Joseph West, of Cleveland, and Miss Emma Werner, of Bellevue, Ohio. After breakfast a marriage license was procured and they were married in the hotel parlors by Rev. F. J. Cheek. They left on the 3:40 train for their home in Cleveland. Both of the parties were richly dressed and appeared to be prominent people.

## Bourbon Horses Entered.

THE Woodard & Shanklin horse sale began at Lexington yesterday and will continue during the week. Thirty horses, including the noted Oakland Baron, are consigned by the Stoner estate, fifteen by Capt. J. R. Rogers, ten by J. T. Hedges, six by Doug Thomas, and one each by J. E. Clay, Sim Wilson and Harry Clay. Most of the Bourbon horses will be sold to-day.

## Court Day Report.

THERE was a small crowd in Paris yesterday to attend the February court. About two hundred cattle were offered but the market was very dull. Jonas Weil sold a car of cattle to Frank Clay, of East Paris, at forty dollars each. Thos. McClintock sold a pair of mules at \$150. Jas. Craig bought forty-four cattle at forty-four dollars each, and Frank Bedford sold 141 cattle at fair prices.

## Has Not Confessed.

WILL LEER, the thirteen-year-old negro boy who was arrested last week on suspicion of having set fire to several stables, was arraigned before Judge Purnell Saturday, and his examining trial was continued until to-morrow.

Rumors were circulated on the streets yesterday and Sunday that the boy had made a confession, but the authorities say that he has not confessed.

## Accidentally Stabbed.

FRIDAY night while Desha Lucas was playfully threatening to cut Stout Leer with a dagger the weapon was accidentally stuck into Stout's back, making a wound which might have proved dangerous. The dagger cut an artery and Stout lost considerable blood before the artery could be tied.

DAVE MILLER, the barber, has located his chair in John Ayer's shop, opposite Schwartz's saloon. (27j-1m)

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

COTSWOLD EWES.—33 pure bred Cotswold ewes descended from Jos. Penn's fine flock. All bred to one of Hal Woodford's fine bucks. For sale by C. V. HIGGINS, Paris, Ky. (24jan-2w)

## PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mr. Will Simms is in Cincinnati on business.

—E. A. Richey left Saturday for Richmond, Ind.

—Mrs. J. T. Hedges was in Lexington yesterday.

—Mrs. C. M. Clay, Jr., was a visitor in Lexington, Saturday.

—Mrs. Jas. Leach, of Cynthiana, was a visitor in Paris Saturday.

—Miss Carrie Gardner, of Fayette, is a guest at Mr. Hutchcraft's.

—Mr. Jack McChord, of Winchester, was a visitor in Paris, Sunday.

—Miss Sue Buckner, of Winchester, is the guest of Miss Sadie Hart.

—Miss Lillie Daniel arrived home yesterday from a visit in Winchester.

—Miss Jessie Kriener left Saturday for a visit to relatives in Lexington.

—Mr. Claude Ewalt left last night for Boston to engage in the horse business.

—Mr. W. O. Carrick, of Georgetown, was a court day visitor in Paris yesterday.

—Mr. Ed. Simms has returned from a business trip to Arkansas and Memphis.

—Miss Bessie Rogers will leave this week for Missouri where she will teach school.

—Miss Kate Alexander left yesterday for a visit to the Misses Johnson, at Mt. Sterling.

—Miss Pattie Letton arrived home yesterday from a visit to relatives in Lexington.

—Capt. S. G. Sharp, of Lexington, was one of the court day visitors in this city yesterday.

—Miss Mattie Hedges, of Lexington, was the guest of Mrs. Charles Clendinning Sunday.

—Mrs. Jake Slaughter returned to Eminence yesterday after a visit to Mrs. A. J. Winters.

—Mr. J. K. Vansant, of Flemingsburg, came up last week to visit his son, Dr. J. T. Vansant.

—Mrs. Florence Lockhart attended the meeting of the Woman's Club in Lexington Saturday.

—Attorney R. P. Dow, Jr., left yesterday for Harrodsburg where he is engaged in a divorce case.

—Miss Lucy Thornton, of Cynthiana, who has been visiting relatives in the city, left Saturday for her home.

—Mrs. Sherlock, who has been a guest at Mr. G. B. Alexander's, returned yesterday to her home in Covington.

—Mr. G. W. Stoner, of Illinois, arrived Saturday to visit relatives in Bourbon and attend the Lexington horse sales.

—Misses Alice and Eddie Spears will entertain the Violet Whist Club Friday evening at their home on Mt. Airy avenue.

—The Snifolia Club will give a dance at Odd Fellows' Hall on the evening of the 22d. Saxton's orchestra will furnish the music.

—Mrs. Ulie Howard, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Alexander, returned Saturday to her home in Covington.

—Mrs. Harvey Ireland and granddaughter, Miss Georgia May Ireland, who have been visiting Mr. Alva Crawford, leave for Chillicothe, Mo., to-day.

—A. J. Castillo, of Tampa, Fla., a very interesting Cuban gentleman, was registered at the Fordham Sunday and yesterday. He is traveling for a cigar house.

—Prof. F. P. Walker, of Sharpsburg Female college, came home Friday for a short visit to his mother, Mrs. Lizzie Walker. He returned to Sharpsburg Sunday.

—Mrs. Augustus Thomas, of Evansville, Indiana, accompanied by her pretty little daughter Hunter, arrived yesterday morning to visit her cousin, Miss Maud Stout.

—Mr. Thomas Gentry, of Palmyra, Mo., brother of Mrs. Lillie Gentry Lee, who visited this city last year, was the guest of Attorney Harmon Stitt, Friday and Saturday.

—Eld. Z. T. Sweeney left yesterday for his home in Columbus, Indiana, after preaching two fine sermons Sunday at the Christian Church. He will return to this city in time to preach again next Sunday.

—Editor G. R. Keller, of the Carlisle Mercury, and one of the cleverest gentlemen in Kentucky, was in the city yesterday in the interest of his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Secretary of State.

—The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says: "B. A. Frank and J. W. Davis, two hustling merchants of Paris, Ky., who have an eye single to all the good things in a business way, are at the Stuart."

—The Lexington Leader says: "Miss Lottie Williams, of Paris, sister of Mr. B. F. Williams, of this city, was chosen President of the Federation of Clubs in Paris. Miss Williams is a very handsome and intellectual woman and her friends think the honor very happily conferred."

## An International Conversation.

A DOZEN Parisians witnessed an amusing meeting Sunday evening in Varden's drug store between Domingo, Lieut. Ben Frank's Porto Rican portage, and Lee Kwong, a Chinese youth who boards with Hop Lee.

"Howdo, Senor," said the Porto Rican acknowledging the introduction.

"Howdo," replied the Chinaman.

"You speak Spanish?" asked the Porto Rican, gesticulating.

"You talk China?" asked the Celestial.

"Yaas, Yaas," replied Domingo.

"No, no. You Jap," said Lee.

"No, no, I'm Porto Rican," answered Domingo.

"You Jap. You Jap," said the Celestial.

"No," said Domingo, "yoh hoc que," replied Domingo, quickly catching from a Parisian the Chinese term for "negro."

The conversation then became unintelligible and was declared a draw.

"Petticoats Among The Briers." THE current number of the American Field contains an interesting sketch called "Petticoats Among The Briers," written by Mrs. Junius Clay, of this city. It is a description of her first quail hunt in Nicholas county. The sketch is illustrated by a fine snap-shot of Mrs. Clay beside her dog, holding her gun and a bunch of birds.

## OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

W. H. Doane, of near Jacksonville, died last week, and was buried at Oddville, Harrison county.

At Owenton, Lyle McHatton, aged eighty-four, and his wife, aged eighty-two, died of pneumonia within one day of each other. They were buried together.

E. G. Harrison, of Xenia, Ohio, who married Miss Mallie Meng, of North Middletown, died suddenly Sunday of heart trouble at Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left their home several weeks ago for a trip to improve Mr. Harrison's health. They came to this county for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Meng, parents of Mrs. Harrison, and left about ten days ago for Hot Springs. It is a sad coincidence that Mr. Harrison should die at Hot Springs where he first met Miss Meng, whom he married about a year ago. The deceased was a well-to-do hemp manufacturer of Xenia, O. Mr. and Mrs. Meng and Ford Brent have gone to Xenia to attend the funeral which will be held to-morrow. The deceased's sister, who visited in this city last Fall, is now traveling with friends in Germany.

Twenty five per cent. discount on all Winter underwear at Price & Co.'s, clothiers.

## NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solennizations Of The Marriage Vow.

A. P. Hughes and Miss Eliza Connor, both of this county, were married late Saturday night.

S. B. Ashbaugh was married Thursday at Newtown to Miss Jett at the home of her father.

## BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And Women.

To the wife of Herman Cheatham, of the L. & N., a daughter.

In this city to the wife of Geo. Speaks, a daughter—second born.

## STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Lynch & Son, of Sykesville, Md., purchased a car-load of mules here last week.

Dr. M. S. Browne, of Winchester, has bought fifty acres of land near that city at \$126 per acre, from D. W. Trimble, of Mt. Sterling.

Milton Young, of Lexington, has bought from Capt. Sam Brown, of Pittsburg, the thoroughbred stallions, Troubadour and Blue Wing, and eleven brood mares. Blue Wing is by Imp. Billet. The prices were private.

HEINZ's baked beans in tomato sauce. F. B. McDERMOTT.

## For Rent.

Five-room brick residence on Seventh street. Bath room and other conveniences. Apply to J. K. SPEARS

## Cottage For Rent.

Nice cottage of four rooms, apply to C. ARNSPARGER.

## Farm For Sale.

100 acres of land, eight miles south of Paris, one mile from Hutchinson, situated on two good pipes. Well watered; elegant 10-room brick residence; large tobacco barn, and two tenement houses. Terms—Easy.

Apply at THE NEWS office or write to "Lock Box 30, Paris, Ky." (20janf)

## NEW, SPRING

DRESS GOODS,  
 WHITE GOODS,  
 EMBROIDERIES,  
 LACES,  
 HOSIERY, Etc.

Arriving daily. at

G. TUCKER'S

CONDON'S  
Actual Facts Plainly Stated.

To close out all our Winter Goods in the next 60 days we have marked down all our stock to figures beyond comparison for goods of equal quality.

All our Ladies' and Children's Capes and Jackets at cost.

Special reduction in Dress Goods, \$1.00 goods now 69c, comprising Satin Berbers, Broadcloths and English Coverts.

Large line of All Wool Dress Goods at 25c and 39c per yd; formerly 50 and 75c

See our extra wide Table Linen at 50c per yd. worth double; and our size Dinner Napkins at \$1.00 worth fully twice as much.

Full line of Zephyrs, Ice Wool, Saxony and Germantown Yarn.

Embroidery Silks and Materials of all descriptions at cut prices.

Ladies' and children's Seamless Hose, 20c quality for 10c per pair. The best value in Paris

Blankets from 39c to \$3.50 per pair, reduced to one-half of former prices.

Standard brands of Bleached cotton, 5c. Best Unbleached cotton, 5c. Very best Percales at 8c. 10-4 Sheetings, 12 1/2 and 15c.

Handsome Pictures and Rocking Chairs Given Away.

If you cannot read this small print at a distance of 14 inches your eyesight is failing and should have immediate attention:

Imperial spectacles and eyeglasses have perfect lenses, always perfectly centered and made of purest material, set in frames of the highest elasticity and consequently of greater durability, united with the utmost lightness and elegance. When both frames and lenses are scientifically fitted by Dr. C. H. Bowen's system they always give satisfaction for they are perfect. Never buy cheap spectacles, nor of men who do not know how to fit them. You will get poorly adjusted spectacles, or poor, imperfect lenses, and are better off without any glasses than with either of these defects. Buy Imperial spectacles of a reliable, skillful dealer, and they will last longer without change and be cheapest in the end.

We have engaged the services of Dr. C. H. Bowen who will visit our store on the second and last Thursdays of each month and invite all to call and have their eyes examined, for which there is no charge. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*A. J. Winters & Co.*

Next visit—Thursday, February 9, 1899.

## FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, when quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO.,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.

## TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT



the man is who tells you that he can rival our laundry work in beauty or general satisfaction to the wearer. We keep on top in up-to-date laundry methods, and we take special pains to please each individual patron in the exquisite finish and general renovation of their linen. Care in handling is our watchword.

The Bourbon Steam Laundry,

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO., Proprietors.

Telephone No. 4.

## CLEARANCE SALE

—OF—

MISSSES' AND CHILDREN'S

SCHOOL SHOES

Spring Heel, Good Stock, Nothing Shoddy.

They go at 75 cts per pair.

Good values in other lines at Reduced Prices. Better see these goods as they go quick.

DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIGG.



# THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)  
Published every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP,  
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

## THE MODEL BOY.

Once on a time there lived a lad, who loved his books and his rule,  
And went all through vacation 'cause there wasn't any school.  
Who liked to "dress up" Sundays and to wash his hands and face,  
And said he'd rather be in church than any other place;  
Who loved his Sunday-school book tales of "Patient Crippled Jane,"  
And hated trashy stories like "The Scalper of the Plains."  
Who, when his comrades came,  
To bid him join their game,  
Would tease his folks to let him stay at home and bring in wood,  
Or let him weed the garden, for he'd rather, if he could.

When Christmas came, the presents that he wished for most, were those called "useful"—such as ties and gloves and handkerchiefs and clothes;  
He screamed with disappointment if they gave him toys, 'tis said,  
And, on the morning of the "Fourth" he asked to be abed.  
He loathed ice cream and lemonade and candy, tarts and cake,  
But custard and rhubarb he deliberately would take.

While jelly, jam and pie,  
He'd pass in horror by;  
And when to town there chanced to come a circus or a show,  
He always ran away and hid for fear he'd have to go.

So, in my youth, when I had been particularly bad,  
My parents or my grandma used to tell me of this lad,  
And, since I've older grown, I find that nearly every boy  
Has had this "model child" held up to pest and annoy.  
If you should ask me where he lives, I really do not know;  
Perhaps in Iceland, India, or beside the Hoang-Ho.  
But this is safe to say,  
'Tis not in the U. S. A.;  
And though I never met him, and am not expecting to,  
I've had him preached to me so much, I'll kill him when I do.  
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

## Borrowed Plumes

By E. Nesbit

IT WAS the ideal place for a summer holiday—a pleasant old farm with a red roof, where lilies grew in patches of yellow, and the stonecrop and house leek in patches of green; a house with long, low rooms, elbow grease, and beds whose coarse homespun linen sheets smelt of lavender.

There were, indeed, two lavender bushes in the garden, as well as roses and stocks, sweet clove-pinks and "old man." The farm was stocked with interesting live creatures—cows, pigs, chickens, turkeys, and pigeons; there were sheep dotting the downs behind the house, and from the front windows, across the orchard, where the apples were beginning to grow hard and round, you could see the long, shining, blue line of the sea.

Mabel Roscommon liked that sea line, and she liked the garden, the orchard, and the rest of it—all but the turkeys. She was a little afraid of these, because she was by profession a high school teacher and had been taught how to manage children, but not how to manage turkeys—an art, by the way, much simpler. Now she had come to the farm for her summer holidays. To be alone was new to her, for she was one of a large family; and to be for whole weeks in this country was new to her, too, for she had never before been near the sea for more than a week at a time. The down country was to her a revelation.

She had a big sitting-room to herself and shared the simple meals of the farmer and his wife. The laborers and the maids ate at the lower end of the long table. Mabel thought it was such a nice plan—it reminded her somehow of the feudal system. The dignified simplicity of farm life appealed to her. Gradually a passion of love awoke in her for the little, ordinary, useful everyday things—the needful work repeated at the appropriate hour, the changing magic of morn and noon and evening, the restful distances of down and sea, the intimate foregrounds of hedge and orchard. At first she read a good deal, but gradually more and more time was spent with Mrs. Fry. Mabel followed her in and out to the dairy, to the kitchen, to feed the pigs, to collect the eggs. And the eyes of the faded middle-aged woman grew tender, though her words were always the explanatory commonplace or the mournful biographical.

But one day—it was the day when Miss Roscommon first churned the butter—Mrs. Fry sighed and said:

"My little Alice would ha' been about your age if she'd lived. I own I should ha' dearly to ha' taught her to churn."

It was that night that Mabel kissed Mrs. Fry when she said "good-night," and almost wished as she crept between the cold, lavender sheets, that she had been born a farmer's daughter. She had discovered her vocation. It was not teaching, as she had steadfastly believed, nor literature, as she had secretly dreamed; her true vocation was the pastoral life—not to forget the great life of the world, the hurry and bustle, the cleverness and bravery, the wise and the great; not to forget them—to honor them from afar, but to take no further part in the strife and struggle of strenuous life; to watch it from the safe haven of the little life, the quiet, ordered, placid life of the farm. This was her vocation—her fate was high school teaching.

When Robert Fry came home—the only son of his mother, the farmer's wife—Mabel shared in the bustle of glad preparation that heralded his coming. He was in business in London, but he was coming home for his holiday, his mother said.

"But he hates the business," she went on. "He got a scholarship to go to Oxford, for he's very clever, my dear; but it was not enough to keep him there, and it was the year we did so badly with the wheat, so father couldn't spare enough to let him go; so then Bob gave in and said: 'All right, I'll go into business, for I don't want to stay at farming.' So his uncle took him into the mantles, where he might be doing well; but I wish he'd never gone to school, I do, then he'd a-been content to stay and help his father about the old place that's belonged to the Frye no one knows how long. You can see their names in the churchyard."

It was in the churchyard, amid the moss-grown headstones, that Miss Roscommon not only saw the names of many dead and gone Frys, but made the acquaintance of the newcomer. He came to her across the field that lay between the house and the church, and she could see his fair hair shining in the sun. He was tall and handsome, she thought.

"My mother sent me to tell you that tea is ready. It's half an hour earlier than usual. Yes, I've just come down. It all seems very beautiful, after London, doesn't it?"

"It's so beautiful," said Mabel, "that I am beginning to wonder how I shall ever be able to leave it."

He walked beside her for awhile in silence, then he said:

"You were at Girtton, my mother tells me. Don't you find this sort of thing strange after the stirring intellectual life there?"

She laughed a little.

"I don't think we were very intellectual," she began.

"I feel so much all I have missed," he said. "If only my father had not sown wheat that year."

"Yes," she said, "I know; it was very hard."

She was interested in the boy, for, though he was of her own age, he seemed to her infinitely young. His naïve, blundering anxiety to let her see that he, too, knew all about the "intellectual life," his respect for her as a Girtton girl, and, above all, a certain wistful sadness about his blue eyes, stirred her half-amused sympathy. His presence seemed to promise a new interest to life at the farm.

The promise was fulfilled. He attached himself frankly to Miss Roscommon's apron strings—walked with her, drove her in the market cart, sat with her under the gray apple boughs, and talked without ceasing. He was well-read, was acquainted with modern as well as classic literature—he quoted almost incessantly. When he was not quoting he talked of authors, of editions, of style and of form. How should she know that he had his own dreams which he managed to disguise under these quotations from the dreams of others? Miss Roscommon was the first educated woman he had ever met, and he seemed agonizedly anxious to lose no chance of showing her that he, too, had been educated, that he was not merely the foolish boy she might have expected to find in the "son of the house" at a farm. At first this sensitive, insistent egotism amused Miss Roscommon, then it irritated her, and at the end of three days she was as near hating Robert Fry as she had ever been to hating anyone—even the least-loved professor at Cambridge. Yet, after all, it was not possible to Mabel quite to hate anyone, nor was it possible that Robert Fry should ever be by anyone quite hated. She had a very manly vein of tolerance—and he a timid, appealing manner, which, if not feminine, was at least childlike. But his quotations go on her nerves, and the quiet charm of her holiday was shattered. It was on the fourth evening that she spoke. He had been standing beside her, looking at the sea, and suddenly broke the calm of the great silence to quote Mathew Arnold's lines:

The sea of faith  
Was thus once at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;  
But now—  
"I wish you wouldn't," she interrupted, almost peevishly.

His blue eyes turned on her with the appealing look of a child's wear when one whom it trusts speaks with sudden harshness.

"Don't look at me like that," she said, her patience and her pretty manners giving way together under the strain of that absurd appeal. "It's only that I came into the country to rest, and—"

"I see, you don't like me to talk to you. I am very sorry. I never meant to bore you. It's very good of you to tell me straight out." He raised his cap and turned to leave her.

"Oh, don't!" she said again. "I am so sorry! I don't mean to be rude—but, don't you feel it, too? One wants to rest from literature and all that sort of thing. I am sure you feel it, too, only you think a person from Girtton wants this sort of entertaining. She doesn't. I assure you; she just wants to look about and see things happen, see how the flowers grow, and what the pigs eat, and how the sheep come into the fold, and wonder how the chickens know when it's time to be fed."

He stood looking at her, still wistfully.

"You're not angry with me, are you?" he said.

"Angry? No, of course not; and you mustn't be angry with me. It was very bad-tempered of me, because I know you were only doing it to please me. But you won't; any more, will you? It's not necessary."

"What am I to talk about, then?"

"I have an idea," she said, flashing a brilliant smile at him. "Let us never talk at all, unless we have something we very much want to say."

He smiled back at her, but his smile was a little sad. Yet he accepted the new basis of conversation. In the first day or two their talk lost in bulk, but in quality it gained. Then Miss Roscommon awoke to the fact that he was talking as much as ever, and she more

than ever before. And now she began to perceive glimpses of the real man, of the passionate love of all things beautiful that had lain beneath his veneer of cheap culture. He talked no more of literature and art. Nor did he talk of himself. But he spoke of his father, and she respected him. He spoke of his mother and the little dead sister, and something like tenderness began to soften the respect. She saw how the pastoral peace of the old place held his soul, and she wondered how he could ever have torn himself from it to "go into the mantles." To go to college, yes; but "into the mantles!" But this was one of the things of which he never spoke.

Her time for holiday was nearly over before she learned that he wrote verses. Trembling, and yet happy, he read them to her one golden afternoon in the orchard. And they were good verses. They accentuated her curiosity as to his choice of a career. The two were now so nearly friends that she dared to speak her wonder.

"Why," she said, "you must love the country in your heart, or you could never write like this; you make dead little pictures in your verses. I can't think why you ever chose to go into business instead of living here."

He flushed hotly, and began to pull the dry grass from the roots of the apple tree.

"I don't know," he said. "I had no idea what business meant. I thought that in London I should have some chance of meeting intellectual people."

"That's a hateful phrase," she said, sharply.

"Then I'll change it," he said, and the voice was a voice she had not heard before. "I wanted to go to London, because I thought I had no chance here of meeting you—Oh, of course I don't mean Miss Mabel Roscommon; but you don't suppose I have never dreamed of a woman like you, a woman who knows all the things I want to know, and never had the chance to know; a woman I could worship, as I worship you, my scornful lady?"

His voice was hard, defiant, and her eyes were hard and scornful. She was very angry.

"And so you thought you would meet me, or my like, among the young ladies who serve in the mantles." Thank you.

"You aren't a snob, really," he said, quietly. "Please don't talk like one just to annoy me."

It was hard hitting—the gloves off on both sides. Each drew a long breath. The level shadows of the tree trunks lay thick and black across the orchard grass.

"You despise me," he said; "don't try to make me despise you. Not that you could. I know you better than you know yourself. How could I know what chance there was for me in London? I have found you, and found you here. If I had gone to college—if my father had not sown wheat that year I should be your social equal, and a gentleman."

"You have a great deal of faith in Oxford," she said, with cold malice.

"You'll only be sorry afterwards," he said. "Why hit a man when he's down? I love you from your head to your feet. I love your voice and your dear brown eyes, and that smile of yours. I love you, body, soul and spirit; but I'm not worthy to tell you so. Forgive me and forget it. It was for you I wanted to go to college, for you I went to London. I was a fool, but it was for you because I have dreamed of you all my life. Now I've told you, and it's all over."

"What are you going to do? Shall you go back to London?" Her voice was low and not quite steady.

"No. I've had enough of that. I shall stay here and help my father to work the farm. Yes, I shall have books—I know you despise them, but that's because you have got all you want out of them. I shall help to farm the land and look after my mother, and read and try to forget you."

He had risen and stood looking down at her. She rose, too. They stood looking at each other. He was no longer a boy in her eyes—he was a man and her master. She perceived now how the affections that had annoyed her were not part of the man, but merely the trappings he had put on—foolishly vainly put on—to gain her approval. She thought of his life, alone at the farm. She thought of her life, alone in the crowded high school. She raised her eyes to his, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Don't be unhappy about me," he said, eagerly. "I ought never to have told you, and it is not so hard really as if I had never known you, for then I could never have settled down here where I really belong, and have done my plain duty. I should have wandered all over the world looking for you. Now I shall have the memory of you to keep me company, and I can do what I ought to have done long ago and what I should have wanted to do but for wanting to find you. You are not to be unhappy—I am not; I am glad."

Her tears brimmed over and fell. This, then, was the nature he had thought too poor to show her; this the soul he had covered up with borrowed plumes.

"Forgive me," he said, again. "I ought not to have told you, but I never thought it would hurt you like this. Believe me, I shall be glad all my life that I have known you, and all the farm and the fields about will be dear to me forever now. You will do me good, and not evil, all the days of your life."

She made two steps toward him and laid her arm on his shoulder and her wet cheek to his.

"I will, please God," she said.

The borrowed plumes had fallen away, and there was nothing now between his soul and hers.—The Sketch.

So Near and Yet So Far.  
The distance from the farthest point of polar discoveries to the pole itself is 460 miles.

## A HOT LITTLE MAN.

But He Was Quickly Called Down by a Small Conductor with a Large Nerve.

"I was on a chair car in Texas a few right ago 'tother side of San Antonio," said a New Orleans business man, "when a typical frontier tough got aboard. He was a little chap, but powerfully built, and about half drunk. As soon as he came in he drew a revolver that looked as big as a stovepipe and bawled out: 'I'm the hottest man this side of El Paso. I can lick any galoot on the train.' There were some ladies at the far end of the car, and a good-looking man, who was with them, half rose, as if to put a stop to the disturbance. He reconsidered the enterprise, however, and sent for the conductor instead. Meanwhile the wandering eyes of the stranger lit on the head rests of the chairs, which were rounded padded disks about a foot across. Naturally they were suggestive of targets, and he proceeded to draw a bead on several. The occupants promptly sought seclusion under the seats, greatly to the edification of the bad man with the gun. 'Wow! wow! he roared, 'I'm the hottest gent in Texas. Watch me plug that feller in the heel!' The passenger referred to crawled hastily into the wood box, and, to tell the truth, we were all in a state of pitiable funk. Just then the conductor came walking briskly in. He, too, was a little fellow, but he had a voice like a megaphone. 'Where's that bad man?' he boomed. We held our breaths and looked for a tragedy instantaneously. 'Here I am,' yelled the other chap. 'I'm the hottest—' 'Yes, I heard about that,' said the conductor, walking right up to him, 'gimme that gun.' To my amazement, the stranger permitted him to take it without the least resistance. 'Now look here,' the conductor went on, 'you're too warm for this car. We've got a stove here, and you make it unpleasant. So you get right out on that platform, blast your eyes, and stay there until you lose some of your heat.' The hot man meekly allowed himself to be propelled through the door, and stayed on the platform all the rest of the trip. The men inside looked at each other rather sheepishly, and I asked the conductor confidentially how he dared take such chances. 'Oh, there wasn't any risk,' he said. 'I had the fellow sized up. If he had been somebody else, I might have acted differently. One of the first things you've got to learn in this business is how to tell a bluffer.' —N. O. Times-Democrat.

## MALARIA FROM PLANTS.

The Disease May Be Contracted from the Soil in the Window Garden.

There is an undoubted prejudice against house plants in the sleeping room, which has not seemed to be justified by anything that has been proved against the plants. Most of such popular ideas, however, embody a truth, and it is not always wise to ignore them. It has been recently found that malaria has been propagated among persons sleeping in a room in which plants were growing in boxes filled with malarial soil. Several cases of this disease in winter have been recently traced by physicians to this cause. The germs seemed to thrive in the heated air of the house. When we remember the source from which the soil around house plants is obtained and the common use of rotted earth, often from malarious swamps, in preparing the soil, it is strange that this complaint has not been made before.

It is quite possible to have too many house plants. A few blooming house plants are a pleasure in the living room, but the practice of some families of filling all the sunny windows with boxes of dark earth for the cultivation of flowers during the winter and spring months is not one to be commended. The most essential thing in any home is the health and comfort of the members of that home. If flowers shut out the sunshine, then the flowers must be given up, however delightful their presence is. There is no such objection to a conservatory built especially for the accommodation of plants, though it is possible to introduce the germs of malarious earth even in this case. The objection to flowers in many houses is that they may occupy the sunny windows that the members of the family should sit in and enjoy. During a great deal of their time of growth house plants are not ornamental, but simply a promise. While summer plants are resting from growth, it is better to keep them in a well-lighted cellar than up-stairs, where they are not often ornamental and are certain to be more or less in the way. This applies to geraniums, begonias of some kinds and to the vast majority of the summer blooming plants, which must be taken in during the winter.—N. Y. Tribune.

## Pretty Things to Wear.

Belts made of double-faced satin ribbon are fastened together in the front with a small clasp.

Tiny ruffles of ribbon or gauze have a drawing string, the gauze being plain or embroidered.

Charming neck ruffles that will last well are made of silk and flower petals in white, black and shaded colorings.

Shell combs curve closely round the modish hair knots and give perfect support to winter hats.

Velvet picture hats are adorned with plumes tinted in harmonizing shades, with mousseline de soie and chenille spotted ends that tie in a large bow and ends in front.—Chicago Record.

## Baked Cabbage.

Cut fine and cook in the usual way, then add a teaspoon of cracker crumbs, a cup of sweet cream, and three well beaten eggs; mix and bake 20 minutes in a buttered pudding dish. — Home Magazine.

## STRANGER THAN FICTION.

As Such May Be Classified This Tale of Plain, Unvarnished Facts.

In all the 20 years of his married life Mr. Greenup had never forgotten to look after the valuable portable property of the family before retiring to rest at night.

It was his invariable custom to lock up the jewelry, gold and silver ware, and other tempting articles of like nature, in a cunningly devised closet of his own invention, let into the wall of the dining-room so skillfully that the most experienced burglar would never suspect its presence.

Then, having concealed in a somewhat similar way whatever money he happened to have about him, Mr. Greenup's unvarying habit was to examine the fastenings of the doors and windows, place a sheet of zinc or tin under the rug at the foot of the stairway leading up to the sleeping apartments—the mission of this sheet of metal being to emit a loud noise when stepped on—after which he always went to bed.

For the proper understanding of this narrative it is necessary to emphasize the fact that these precautions had never been omitted, no matter how late the hour. To observe them had become second nature with Mr. Greenup.

One night last week, however, when on the point of making his usual rounds, he was disturbed by the loud ringing of the door bell.

On going in person to answer it he found a boy with a telegram.

The telegram was to the effect that an elderly aunt of his wife's was on her way to visit the family, and would be at the station at six o'clock the next morning. Would he please meet her there?

To comply with this request it would be necessary for him to set the alarm clock for five a. m.

"No, boy, there's no answer."

He closed and locked the door, and with the telegram in his hand went upstairs to reassure his uneasy wife and to set the alarm clock.

Then he addressed and went to bed. Five minutes later, when on the point of falling to sleep, he remembered with a sensation like a sudden jolt that he had forgotten to secure the family valuables and examine the doors and windows.

"First time in 20 years," he said to himself as he prepared to get up again. Then he lay back and reflected.

"Twenty years! And in all that time there has never been any attempt to break into this house. I have spent—let me see—at least ten minutes every night locking things up. Twenty times 365—that's easy—is 7,300. Ten times that figure is 73,000. Great Scott! I have spent 73,000 minutes—that's over 1,200 hours, or 123 working days of ten hours each—in doing something that has proved to be absolutely useless. And I haven't allowed anything for leap years. Perhaps I've been away from home enough nights to make up for that. Four solid months thrown away! And never a burglar! If one wanted to get in he'd do it anyhow. Does it seem likely that the one night in 7,300 when I miss locking things up is to be the one night that some burglar is going to select for robbing this house? Hardly. I'll run my chances of it, anyway."

And he went to sleep.

The night sped away.

No sound disturbed the peaceful slumbers of Mr. Greenup.

Until five a. m.

Then the alarm clock aroused him.

Intent only on dressing in a hurry, attending to the furnace, and arousing the kitchen girl to the necessity of having a cup of hot coffee for Aunt Penelope at 6:30, and, forgetting all about his reflections and computations of a few hours before, he hastened down stairs.

Then the recollection of his willful negligence, his indolent calculation of chances, came upon him with a rush.

The air of the rooms seemed somehow different. Hastily he lighted the gas and looked about him. He saw—nothing unusual. The house had not been entered.

Ah, no!

With a feeling akin to sorrow the narrator admits it. Fact is stranger than fiction, and when reinforced by an overwhelming array of figures it would be madness to fly in the face of it with the trumped-up story of a burglary that had only one chance in 7,300 of taking place.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Glue Cement.

This is unrivaled for cementing paper, cloth, leather, earthenware, wood, etc. Soak one pound of white fish glue for four hours in 30 fluid ounces of cold water; turn into a glue pot and slowly stir in four ounces of dry white lead, previously mixed in two fluid ounces of hot water. Place the glue pot over the fire for ten minutes; then allow the contents to cool to about 100 degrees Fahrenheit. This temperature achieved, stir in vigorously four fluid ounces of 90 per cent. alcohol, and the cement is complete. It will dry very rapidly when applied to any material, is nonelastic and extremely hard. Should it be required pliable add from two to four ounces of glycerin. — St. Louis Republic.

## A Savory Custard.

Whip up the white of one egg and the yolks of two; stir in one wineglassful of strong cold beef tea, a flavoring of salt and a teaspoonful of cream. Butter a deep small pie dish pour in the above mixture, and set in a shallow pan containing boiling water. Boil gently in this for ten minutes, or until set.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Smoked Salmon.

Cut the salmon into thin slices, soak for 15 or 20 minutes in warm water, drain and dry on a soft towel, then broil over a quick fire. Serve on a hot plate with a little butter and lemon juice rubbed together.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

### ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:53 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:10 p. m.  
From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.  
From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.  
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

### DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—3:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.  
To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.  
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:16 p. m.  
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.  
F. B. CARR, Agent.

## CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

### TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.

Lv Louisville..... 8:30am 6:00pm  
Ar Lexington..... 11:25am 8:50pm 8:30am 5:50pm  
Lv Lexington..... 11:25am 8:50pm 8:30am 5:50pm  
Ar Winchester..... 12:25pm 9:50pm 9:50am 7:00pm  
Ar Washington..... 6:50am 3:40pm  
Ar Philadelphia..... 10:15am 7:00pm  
Ar New York..... 12:40pm 8:00pm

WEST BOUND.

Ar Winchester..... 7:30am 4:50pm 6:50am 2:50pm  
Ar Lexington..... 8:30am 5:20pm 7:30am 3:40pm  
Ar Frankfort..... 9:11am 6:30pm  
Ar Shelbyville..... 10:01am 7:20pm  
Ar Louisville..... 11:00am 8:15pm

Trains marked thus \* run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily. Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on

F. B. CARR,  
Agent L. & N. R. R.  
OR, GEORGE W. BARNEY,  
Div. Pass. Agent,  
Lexington.

## Frankfort & Cincinnati Ry.

### ELKHORN ROUTE.

LOCAL TIME CARD IN EFFECT DECEMBER 17, 1898.

EAST BOUND.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
	Pass.	Pass.	Pass.	Pass.	Mixed.
Lv Frankfort	7:00am	3:40pm	1:00pm		
Lv Elkhorn	7:11am	3:52pm	1:20pm		
Lv Switzer	7:18am	4:00pm	1:25pm		
Lv Stamping Grnd	7:24am	4:10pm	1:30pm		
Lv Davala	7:34am	4:16pm			
Lv Johnson	7:50am	4:32pm			
Lv Georgetown	7:54am	4:36pm	2:30pm		



# FUNNY FOLKS

## Label on a First-Class Hotel.

A Caribou man lately wandered into a remote hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning was asked by the landlord how he rested. "O," replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night from insomnia." The landlord was mad in a minute and roared: "I'll bet you two dollars there ain't one in my house."—Kennebec Journal.

## They're Living in Town Now.

When you and I were young, lass, I roamed the fields with you; In rustic swings we swung, lass, And the sky above was blue; But years have filtered by, lass, Since you and I roamed there—Now we seldom see the sky, lass, Through the smoke that fills the air.—Chicago Record.

## A NEW DYE.



Kitty—O, pa! how much beer would it take to dye all my dollies' frocks red? Pa—Beer? Why, you can't dye things with beer, child! Kitty—O, but I'm sure I heard ma say it was beer that your nose so red, pa!—Fun.

## Outside the Risk.

Life is not all a merry skate—Don't be a reckless crank. Where ice is thin, and crowds are great, Just stay right on the bank.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Diplomatist.

"I say, Jimmie, d'yer ma beat yer when yer got in last night?" "No; you bet she didn't." "My, you got off easy." "Yes; you see, she was 'fraid I'd yell so loud I'd wake the baby."—Illustrated American.

## Not Saying Much for Her.

Blabmore—Admitting that Boobley is henpecked, I'm surprised that his wife boasts of it. Babway—Does she, indeed? Blabmore—Yes—she's been frequent—heard to say that she's made him what he is to-day.—Roxbury Gazette.

## The Chief Hero.

Little Edgar—Papa, who was the greatest hero of the war? Papa—Capt. Bibbleson, I guess. His magazine story is three pages longer than any of the rest of them has written.—Chicago Daily News.

## The Untutored Savage.

Money's the root of all evil. As the civilized person agrees: It is only the savage who thinks he may find the stuff growing on trees.—Chicago Daily News.

## A CONSIDERATE LOVER.



Parent—Of course, as my daughter is of age she can suit herself as to marrying you, but the day she does, I will cut her off without a penny.

Suitor (after a pause)—Well, under those circumstances, sir, we will break our engagement. I could not think of depriving a young lady of her inheritance.—Harlem Life.

## Arduous.

"Along the cool, subdued vale of life He keeps the noiseless tenor of his way." "He also keeps, afar from worldly strife, The tenor that I lent him 'other day."—Chicago Tribune.

## More to the Purpose.

"Have you no fears for the future?" "None," answered the new theatrical star, her eyes flaming. "I have a past!" And it was ever present with her.—Chicago Tribune.

## How He Proposed.

"Do you believe in expansion, Mr. Noodle?" "Noodle—No; quite the contrary. I believe in making two one.—Brooklyn Life.

## Very Much Heated.

The Circassian—What's the matter with the two fire eaters? The Wild Man—Oh, some hot words passed between them.—N. Y. Journal.

## Difference.

Dauber—I confess that I have no ulterior interests—I live for my art. Friend—You'd find it much less agreeable to live by it.—Town Topics.

## No Remembrance.

Creston—Barnes doesn't look like an actor, does he? Clarke—No, doesn't act like one, either.—Town Topics.

## Rough on the Doctor.

Mrs. Bright—Johnny, did the doctor come while I was out? Johnny (suspending his play)—Yes, ma. He felt my pulse, looked at my tongue and shook his head, and said it was a serious case, and he left a prescription and said he'd call again in the evening. Mrs. Bright—Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.—Ally Sloper.

## Wise Lad.

"What will happen to you if you are good, little boy?" asked the kindly old lady. "I'll get a stick of candy for being good." "And what will happen to you if you are bad?" "I'll get two sticks of candy for promising to try to be good."—Chicago Post.

## Indifference.

Josh—I never could see that them astronomers were much use anyway. Hiram—Why not? Josh—Well, here they're telling us there's a comet comin' flyin' towards the earth, and not one of them is doin' anything to prevent it.—Illustrated American.

## The Worm Turns.

"Jove," cried Henpeck, "let me hide. What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. H— "There's a policeman out there, and I am afraid he'll have me up for polygamy—I seem to have married you and your mother and all the rest of your family."—Harlem Life.

## On the Verge of Success.

There's many a day of trouble and doubt For the man who is trying to rise; There's many a baleful wind blows out Of the clouds that obscure the skies, And many a heartache, many a tear He forces aside with a laugh— Until finally people begin to appear With respect for his autograph.—Cleveland Leader.

## HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND.



Old Party—What's the matter, little boy? Little Boy—G'wan, wot yo' know 'bout bein' in love?—N. Y. Evening Journal.

## The Pen and the Sword.

The pen is mightier than the sword, And longer lingers on the scene; For when the sword has finished up The pen takes to the magazine.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A Way Widows Have.

"I always look out for number one," said the selfish man; "don't you?" "Well, hardly," said the person addressed, who happened to be a widow; "I am looking out for number two."—Tit-Bits.

## Suspicious.

"What are those roses worth?" "Those are \$2.50 a dozen." "Is that your regular figure, or have you marked them up because I'm a plumber?"—Chicago Tribune.

## A Fearful Example.

"Prof. Stuffer always discourses on the evils of gluttony before dinner." "Why?" "Because after dinner he is not able to discourse."—Chicago Record.

## Prejudiced.

They say she was embodied grace As on the chair she sat; But I—I failed to see it; she Was sitting on my hat.—N. Y. World.

## A CRUCIAL TEST.



"Talk about spunk, fellers! I've been kicking little Tommy for de last ten minutes, and he ain't cried yet!"—N. Y. Journal.

## Nothing Escapes Her.

She's such a desperate little flirt That I believe she'd try To get up a flirtation with A rain-beau in the sky.—Judge.

## Sufficient.

The Sweet Young Thing—But why should not women enter politics? The Savage Bachelor—Too many bosses there now.—Indianapolis Journal.

## Her Question.

I told her she would take the cake, My bashful shyness shedding; And then she archly looked at me, "What kind," she queried, "wedding?"—Brooklyn Life.

## FAMOUS INDIAN RELICS.

Facts from the History of the Brandt, Red Jacket and Condolence Belts.

In the historic Van Cortlandt manor house at Croton, N. Y., is a porthole, in which the birds build their nests and raise their young, unmindful of the use of their peaceful home in the early colonial days. Just under the porthole, in the dining-room, hangs a picture of Joseph Brandt, the Mohawk chief, who, in contrast to his warlike deeds, translated the Gospel of St. Mark into the Mohawk language. Above the portrait hangs a wampum belt, which is the celebrated Brandt belt.

Col. John De Peyster Douw, of Poughkeepsie, a veritable son of the revolution, his father having joined the Albany county militia immediately after his graduation from Yale college, in 1776, is the fortunate possessor of the Red Jacket belt. This belt, except in length, is identical with the Brandt belt. It is five feet nine inches long and six and one-half inches wide, not including the fringe at each end, of worsted worked in white beads, and is in a perfect state of preservation. In the latter years of his life the famous Seneca chief lived near Niagara. He sold the belt to John Cryslar, who gave it to his son, Ralph M. Cryslar, the father-in-law of the late Judge Alexander B. Johnson. Ralph Cryslar gave it to his father-in-law, Judge Leonard Gansvoort, who, in 1832, two years after the death of Red Jacket, presented it to his grandson, the present owner.

Col. Douw's father and grandfather were on the most friendly terms with the several Indian tribes. His grandfather, Judge Volckert P. Douw, the staunch old patriot who refused to hold office under the British, knew Red Jacket better than did any other white man. Col. Douw has also a "belt of condolence," presented to his grandfather by the Six Nations, on the death of a favorite daughter.

Rev. Dr. William H. Ten Eyck, late of New Brunswick, has in his possession another belt of condolence, also presented to Judge Douw, as is shown by the playing-card attached. The card, a "four-of-hearts," reads: "A Belt of Condolence on the Death of my Daughter, Caty Hoffman, by the Six Nations of Indians, in December, 1775." This belt is 23 inches in length and three in width, and has four diamond-shaped figures on it of purple beads, the remainder of the belt being of white beads.—N. Y. Tribune.

## TRAITS OF THE CHINESE.

They Are Close Bargain Makers, But Invariably Carry Out Their Pledges Fairly.

The Chinese are a far different people from what we have pictured them to be. We hear them spoken of as besotted, benighted, treacherous and unreliable; but a mercantile, changeable, and trifling people. But such are not the facts. To be sure, they are close in making a bargain, but when they have made a bargain it is their nature to stick to it religiously. They may crawl out of a very small hole, but there should be no holes in a business contract. "Plain at first, afterward no dispute," is the prudent aphorism of the Chinese. If there is a misunderstanding, however, they will instantly and without apparent effort drop on it and invariably take advantage of it. That is business. They are acute and careful merchants, patient, faithful and diligent workmen and servants, and above all, they are great lovers of family, relatives and home.

The entire population of China is divided into four classes, viz.: Scholars, farmers, artisans, or workmen, and merchants. In social rank scholars stand highest, as brains control ideas. The agriculturist comes next because he produces something out of nothing. The artisan comes third because by hand and brain he brings into useful material that would otherwise remain crude and worthless. The merchant comes last for the reason that he neither produces nor increases the inherent value or usefulness of anything. He simply trades upon the needs and labors of others. No man is more cautious, shrewd and exact in his business affairs, however, than the average Chinese merchant.

As a race the Chinese are peaceable, quiet, unassuming, more of the philosophic nature than of the enthusiastic, and seldom enter upon a route the end of which is invisible. As a nation they excel all others in politeness. They have brought the art of lubricating the friction which is sure to arise in the intercourse of man with man to such a perfection that they are polite to the greatest degree imaginable. They seldom if ever intentionally make a disagreeable or offensive remark.—M. R. Jeffers, in American Trade.

## A Beast That Smokes.

The most fatigued or refractory dromedary is refreshed and brought to submission by a few whiffs of the fragrant weed, and if any arduous journey is to be performed, he calls for his cigar at intervals and enjoys it with a placidity and air of contentment which are almost ludicrous. A triangular wooden holder is first inserted into his mouth, and the cigar is then lighted and placed in the holder. The dromedary closes his eyes in ecstatic anticipation and then smokes diligently until the cigar is exhausted. By the time the weed is finished the dromedary is in fine condition. The process of recuperation is often repeated a dozen times a day.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Chester Cheese.

Chester cheese owes its excellence partly to geological causes, the red sandstone and boulder clay, with its immense salt deposits, of which the country is formed, producing a herbage peculiarly suited for cheese production.—N. Y. Sun.

## Cost of Nicaragua Canal.

The estimates as to the cost of constructing the Nicaragua canal vary from \$15,000,000 to \$150,000,000. How different are the estimates of the people as to the value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for stomach, liver, blood and kidney diseases. It is agreed everywhere that this remedy is unsurpassed for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, nervousness and sleeplessness. It is such an agreeable medicine to take. It tastes good as well as does good.

## Current Literature.

"You are preparing a new edition of your popular novel," said the caller. "I am," replied the novelist. "Well, I have a proposition by which we may both make money. Where you say 'She gazed her lips to his; why not add: 'Using Styer's celebrated glue?'"—Philadelphia North American.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and fully able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walzing, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## More for Her Money.

"I hear that your daughter has broken off her engagement with the count. Is it true?" "Yes; she ran across a chance to get a duke at the same figure."—Chicago Journal.

## You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, itching feet. It makes New or tight shoes easy. An instant cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c.

"She's pretty enough to bite." "Yes, but there's lead poisoning in all those face preparations."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He struck it. St. Jacobs Oil struck his Rheumatism. It was stricken out.

Half the men who attempt to tell you a funny story forget it.—Aitchison Globe.

Lawlakes. It cured my aches. St. Jacobs Oil makes no mistakes.

## THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 6.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common	33 90 @ 4 00
Select butchers	4 35 @ 4 75
CALVES—Fair to good light	6 50 @ 7 25
HOGS—Common and heavy	3 40 @ 3 70
Mixed packers	3 75 @ 3 85
Light shippers	3 55 @ 3 75
SHEEP—Choice	3 80 @ 4 00
LAMB—	4 75 @ 5 15
FLOUR—Winter family	2 55 @ 2 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	6 75 @ 7 15
No. 3 red	6 75 @ 7 15
Corn—No. 2 mixed	6 75 @ 7 15
Oats—No. 2	6 75 @ 7 15
Rye—No. 2	6 75 @ 7 15
HAY—Prime to choice	8 75 @ 9 15
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	11 15 @ 12 15
Lard	5 75 @ 6 15
BUTTER—Choice dairy	17 15 @ 18 15
Prime to choice creamery	17 15 @ 18 15
APPLES—Choice to fancy	3 75 @ 4 15
POTATOES—Per bush	1 25 @ 1 40
CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 85 @ 4 10
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	6 75 @ 7 15
No. 3 Wheat—Spring	6 75 @ 7 15
CORN—No. 2	3 40 @ 3 70
OATS—Mixed	3 40 @ 3 70
PORK—New Mess	10 00 @ 10 25
LARD—Western	5 75 @ 6 15
BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family	3 25 @ 3 50
GRAIN—Family wheat	7 15 @ 7 45
Southern—Wheat	7 00 @ 7 30
CORN—No. 2	3 40 @ 3 70
OATS—No. 2 white	3 40 @ 3 70
Rye—No. 2 Western	3 40 @ 3 70
CATTLE—First quality	4 25 @ 4 50
HOGS—Western	4 25 @ 4 50
INDIANAPOLIS.	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	6 75 @ 7 15
Corn—No. 2 mixed	6 75 @ 7 15
Oats—No. 2 mixed	6 75 @ 7 15
LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 75 @ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	6 75 @ 7 15
Corn—Mixed	6 75 @ 7 15
Oats—Mixed	6 75 @ 7 15
PORK—Mess	10 10 @ 10 25
LARD—Steam	5 75 @ 6 15

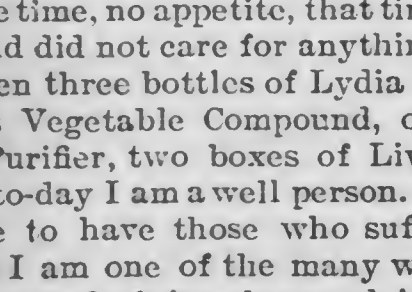
## PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here is proof: DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice.—MISS JENNIE R. MILES, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.



## ROGER WAS GENEROUS.

But It Was with Something He Couldn't Keep All to Himself.

A little boy in a North side kindergarten has discovered at an early age the art of making others do unto him the things he would like to have done by inducing them to believe they are getting the chief enjoyment themselves. When the hour for lunch arrives Roger eats his own very quickly, in fact in quite the bolting fashion of the bear he pretends to impersonate. Then he is ready for his play.

"I'm a hungry little grizzly bear," he roars threateningly, "and I want you to fill me up. Come, hurry up, little boys and girls, fill me up, fill me up, or I'll grind your bones to make my bread."

And the children, enjoying the subtle frolic of the youngster, proceed to drop into the small hungry mouth bits of cake and sections of oranges and pieces of bread and butter and an occasional morsel of candy, until the "little grizzly bear" has emptied every lunch basket in the kindergarten and is the only "filled up" youngster in the school.

But the time came when Roger found something to give in return for the filling process. He arrived at the kindergarten one morning with a nice, aggravated case of whooping cough, and in 24 hours every companion in his class had caught it from him. "Naturally, he would give it away, you know," explained the ironic teacher, deprived of her school. "Roger is such a generous child."—Chicago Chronicle.

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## A Skillful Man.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—A western paper tells us about a tornado that struck a train, and the only man in it who wasn't hurt was the baggage man.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Perhaps he succeeded in checking it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Most people who go off on a trip, talk about it too much when they return.—Aitchison Globe.

Told you so. In one night cured. St. Jacobs Oil masters Lumbago.

The impression made by beauty is more than skin deep.—Chicago Daily News.

See there. A bad sprain cured; and St. Jacobs Oil cured it.

The most successful dentist only lives from hand to mouth.—Chicago Daily News.

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will. It makes the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels perform their proper work. It removes all impurities from the blood. And it makes the blood rich in its life-giving properties.

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will. It makes the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels perform their proper work. It removes all impurities from the blood. And it makes the blood rich in its life-giving properties.

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**Write to our Doctors.**



## A CRUEL OPERATION.

THE PROCESS BY WHICH TORTOISE SHELL IS PROCURED.

Wires Set on the Living Turtle to Separate the Bony Layers of the House in Which He Lives—A Business That Struck an Observer as Heartless.

There are many articles of daily and hourly use constantly passing before our eyes and through our hands about the production of which we know comparatively little or nothing. An interesting example of this is tortoise shell, from which combs and hairpins are made, besides a multitude of trinkets for the dressing table, the desk and the pocket. Pierce crusades have been instituted in recent years against the slaughter of birds for the procurement of their plumage for hat trimmings, and yet I venture to say that the process of procuring tortoise shell is a cruelty to animal life which far exceeds that to which birds are subjected.

In the eighties I happened to be down in Bluefields, on that awful Mosquito coast, and at the invitation of one Manuel Latona, who was the owner and captain of a small schooner, went with him to the cay El Roncador for tortoise shell. This cay gets its name (which in English would be the Snorer) from the exceedingly angry surf, which can be heard for a long distance breaking over the reefs. This is the cay on which a couple of years back the historic old ship Kearsarge was wrecked and battered to pieces. El Roncador is nothing more or less than a typical coral island, such as is found throughout the southern seas, three-quarters of a mile long, perhaps, and not more than a quarter of a mile across its widest part. Surrounding the island is a reef, inside of which the water is smooth and rather shallow, and at the bottom of this shallow water there grows a peculiar kind of sea grass which is a dainty food for the turtle tribes. There is also found on the top of the water inside the reef a sort of small blubber fish, called in Spanish dedales, or thimble fish, which is perhaps the greatest delicacy of the entire turtle menu.

The turtle whose shell is valued in commerce is a small species known as the hawk bill. There are other varieties which come to El Roncador to spawn, but they are not molested. During the night the turtles crawl up on the shore to lay their eggs, each female depositing on an average about 70. To do this they dig holes in the sand about two feet deep and after laying the eggs cover them over so deftly that it is almost impossible for a novice to find them. These eggs are really delicious when roasted, but the turtle fishers are careful not to destroy those they do not take for food, so as to promote as much as possible the increase of this valuable sea reptile. At night the fishers conceal themselves along the shore as well as possible, and when the turtles come up out of the water on the beach they rush forth and turn them over on their backs with iron hooks, leaving them secure in this position until morning.

The tortoise shell of commerce is not, as is generally believed, the horny covering or shell proper of the turtle; it is the scales which cover the shield. These scales are 13 in number, 8 of them being flat and the other 5 somewhat curved. Four of those that are flat are quite large, sometimes being as much as 12 inches long and 7 inches broad, nearly transparent and beautifully variegated in color with red, yellow, white and dark brown clouds, which give the effects so fully brought out when the shell is properly polished. A turtle of average size will furnish about eight pounds of these laminae, or scales, each piece being from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

It is the method by which these scales are loosened which is the repulsive part of the business. The turtles are not killed, as that would lead to their extermination in a very few years. After capturing them the fishers wait for daylight to complete the work. The turtles are turned over again in their natural position and fastened firmly to the ground by means of pegs. Then a bunch of dried leaves or sea grass is spread evenly over the back of the turtle and set afire. The heat is not great enough to injure the shell, merely causing it to separate the joints. A large blade, very similar in shape to a chemist's spatula, is then inserted horizontally between the laminae, which are gently pried from the back. Great care must be taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, and yet it is not forced off until it is fully prepared for separation by a sufficient amount of warmth.

The operation, as one may readily imagine, is the extreme of cruelty, and many turtles do not survive it. Most of them do live, however, and thrive, and in time grow a new covering, just as a man will grow a new finger nail in place of one he might lose. The peculiarity of the second growth of shell, though, is that instead of reproducing the original number of 13 segments it is restored in one solid piece.

To see the operation of taking the shell from the living turtle once is about all a man of northern breeding wants of it, and if the helpless reptiles had the power of voicing their sufferings under it their cries would tell of as heartless a business as man has yet engaged in.—New York Post.

## Impossible in His Case.

Hungry Higgins—I see the paper says you oughtn't to never begin a journey before breakfast.

Wearry Watkins—Does it have any service for us blokes that has to make a journey to find the breakfast?—Indianapolis Journal.

The most scientific forester in Europe says that the oldest trees in northern Europe are the pines of Norway and Sweden, and that these are not known to live more than 570 years. Germany's oldest oaks lived only a little more than 200 years.

## A SCENE ON THE SOO.

The King of France Took Possession of the Land Two Hundred Years Ago.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "The Great Lakes" by W. S. Harwood. Mr. Harwood says:

While waiting for my steamer to be carried through canal locks of the Soo, I stood one summer day near a hill on which now stands Fort Brady, overlooking the rapids of the Soo as they flow from Lake Superior down into the St. Mary's river and so on to join at last the waters of Huron. On the top of this hill, as nearly as I could decide from the topography of the country, was witnessed two centuries and a quarter ago one of the most remarkable, one of the most significant, scenes in the history of the new world. It has been brilliantly described, and I may but mention it.

On June 14, 1671, a strange body of men was assembled on this hill. It was composed of four classes—the official representatives of the king of France, the Catholic missionaries, the voyageurs and the Indians. Weeks before word had been sent out to the chiefs of 14 of the different tribes of Indians in the region to meet at the Soo on the date mentioned. An immense cross of wood was made and carried to the top of the hill overlooking the swift flowing rapids. A stout timber with an engraved plate on it was set up near the deep hole in the ground which was to hold the foot of the cross.

When all had assembled, St. Lussan, the representative of the king, lifted in one hand a clod of earth and in the other his naked sword and in the name of his most Christian majesty the king of France took possession of the land, embracing in his assumption "all the region from the north to the south sea and extending to the ocean on the west." The cross was then raised before the motley throng—the representatives of the government in their most gorgeous suits, the priests in their rich vestments, the voyageurs in their hunting garb of skins, the Indians in their most fantastic feathers and paint. As the cross assumed position the priests intoned a stately chant of the seventeenth century. Then the French exclaimed "Vive le roi!" while, as one historian puts it, "the Indians howled in concert."

The plate upon the smaller timber bore an engraved inscription denoting the king's possession of the land.

## A SCENE IN SALONICA.

The Jews and Jewesses That Inhabit the Heart of the Town.

In the true ghetto, in the noisome heart of the town, where the cobbled streets run slimy and the people chaffer with the butchers for the refuse of the slaughter house and chicken block, you see the unchanged Jew of the middle ages. Be he bearded grandsire or tiny boy, he wears a long loose gabardine to his heels and the fez of his masters. If he is well to do, the garment may be fur bordered or it may be of silk, but it could not more surely be soiled and greasy if the law required it so. With marriage this survivor of the dark ages grows a beard full and thick and grizzled in the old men, wiry and black and very sparse in the younger heads of families. This is as it is in East Broadway and Chicago and Berlin, but when you look upon the wives and daughters in Salonica's ghetto you see mediæval characters who have staid in the east, but sent no representatives abroad.

These Jewesses love display and court admiration. They are much fairer than the men, milky skinned, with a pale pink flush, as if they were hotbodies bred. Their clothes are gay, red, green and blue being their favorite colors, and the married women all wear décolleté bodices fashioned very low in front and showing a fancy shirt of embroidery and lace, which either reveals the mold of their forms or makes startling exposures of the forms themselves. Their chests are always quite bare. This in a land where the other women expose nothing but their eyes is all the more astonishing. On their crowns the Jewish matrons wear very showy, often beautiful, headresses, composed of a cap of red, green and yellow silk or cloth, that is carried down the back of the head in a bag that envelops their tresses. Often these bags are finished at the bottom with heavy gold braid.—"In the Wake of a War," by Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

## Equal to the Occasion.

They tell this story in London about the Countess Waldegrave, who was married four times: One evening she appeared at the opera in Dublin during her fourth husband's occupancy of the post of chief secretary for Ireland. An audacious Celt, catching sight of her ladyship in one of the boxes, shouted out with real Irish temerity, "Lady Waldegrave, which of the four did you like best?"

The countess was equal to the occasion. Without a moment's hesitation she rose from her seat and exclaimed enthusiastically, "Why, the Irishman, of course!"—a remark which naturally "brought down the house."

## A New Road Found.

"Oh, John, dear, isn't your Uncle George dreadful?"

"What's up now?"

"Why, I called at his office today, and he was talking to one of his clerks up stairs."

"Nothing unusual in that?"

"And, John, he told the poor man to go to—you know where—through the speaking tube."—Pierce & Up.

In the markets of London one often sees live snakes—a species of boa—from 10 to 15 feet long. They are employed in many houses to beat rats at night, being otherwise perfectly harmless. They become attached to a house like a cat or a dog.

There are 1,425 characters in the 24 books Dickens wrote.

## OFFERED HIM TWO WIVES.

King Cetewayo Appreciated the Tenor's Singing of "Old Dog Tray."

"There is much in a name, or at least I think so," said Albert Gerard-Thiers, the tenor, who once sang for old Cetewayo, king of the Zulus. Mr. Gerard-Thiers several years ago bore the Tontonic cognomen of Theiss and had it changed to Thiers. His fame spread, and his middle name was wedded to his surname with a hyphen.

"I am more French than German," he continued, "and my vocal method is not at all German. Many people imagine that a German vocalist is a master of the guttural, and that is one reason why I had my name changed. I have no prejudice against the German method, only I prefer the French method of singing. People who were introduced to me used to ask if I was German. As I speak French and not German, I concluded to change my name to Thiers. My wife is an American, but she has lived so long in Paris that she speaks French like a native and has nothing German in her appearance or manners."

"Did you sing in French to King Cetewayo?"

"No; I sang in English. The old Zulu was in captivity when I saw him in Africa. I was singing in Cape Colony in my boyhood days with an English opera company, and after it stranded I visited the dethroned African monarch. The English kept him guarded at a farmhouse, but allowed him privileges. I sang several operatic airs for him, but they did not please him, and in despair I tried 'Old Dog Tray.' He liked it, and when told the story he said a dog was faithful and wished me to sing it again. Then he embarrassed me exceedingly by presenting me with two of his wives. Each was more than six feet in height and black as the ace of spades. I declined his royal offer, although he declared the wives would not be missed."

—New York Commercial.

## DINING AND FEEDING.

American Table Manners Not So Open to Criticism as Formerly.

It has been conceded that the degree of civilization a people has reached may be accurately measured by its dietary. Now, some one has said that "the American feeds, the Englishman devours, the Frenchman dines." In view of this statement one wonders what the English have been doing through the centuries to have advanced so little. We do not pretend to answer for them, but would say for ourselves, we have been heaving our way through forests, pioneering in every direction, in every sense—ample apology for feeding instead of dining.

But, of course, it was a Frenchman who made the declaration, and, of course, he made it long ago, when, mortifying though it be, honesty compels us to acknowledge that we may have been guilty. Times, however, and conditions have changed, and not even the most bigoted Frenchman will refuse to admit that when the American has reached the dining point he will have more to dine upon than any other man in the world. The culture of man in America will demand all the art in his cuisine that France by study has evolved, with the added merit of honesty in his food, the disguises incident to poverty of material not being a necessity. There is no department of supply in which we have not the advantage, and we are learning to use our materials as rapidly as we have been obliged to learn all other things.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

## What Wrestlers Should Eat.

The Japanese wrestlers are a race of giants; they often weigh from 14 to 20 stone. At the Imperial hotel in Tokyo once they brought their champion wrestler to my room. He was prodigious in size and as fat and fair as a baby. He was a Hercules in strength, but looked like an overgrown cherub of Correggio. "What do you eat?" I asked.

"Rice, nothing but rice."

"Why not eat meat?"

"Meat is weakening. Beef is 70 per cent water. Rice is 80 per cent food. I ate lean beefsteak once and my strength left me. The other man ate rice and threw me down."

My courier said: "This wrestler is the champion of Japan. No one can throw him."—Pearson's Weekly.

## She Supervises a Farm.

In spite of being college bred the ability to earn a living in the most businesslike manner has been proved by Miss Anna T. Hayes of Louisville. She is now taking personal supervision of her father's farm of 200 acres. She is devoting time and money to the development of a special breed of pigs for the specially cured hams of which there is a growing demand in the state. The pigs are fattened on sterilized milk, meal and apples and are brought up to a uniform weight. The hams are cured on the farm. The young woman is making a complete success of her venture.

## Bright Valet.

Valet (to officer's fiancée)—My lieutenant has sent me to bring you this bouquet of forest flowers, plucked by his own hands.

Fiancée—Oh, how poetic! And how long it must have taken to gather them!

Valet—Indeed, miss, it took me nearly three hours.—Fliegende Blätter.

In the northern parts of China there are many villages which are almost deserted in winter, the inhabitants going south, where they live by begging. They form regular guilds and literally compel shopkeepers to help them by threatening to cause a riot in front of their stores, which Chinese merchants abhor.

The oddest shaped county among the 3,000 which go to make up the separate divisions of the various states is Warren county, Tenn. It lies in the center of the state and is as near a perfect circle as any division of land could be.

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[Advertisement.]

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